

LONDON SOCIETY.

AUGUST, 1866.

GOING OUT OF TOWN.



EVERYBODY must go out of town. The only question asked about the middle of July is, when and where you are going: for, the idea of not going at all it were an impertinence to hint to you, and more than your respectability is worth for one moment to admit. There is plenty to remind you: queer loads of family luggage, always with baths; bundles, fishing-rods, and make-shift packages of all kinds are ever driving by your door, as of people going; long ladders, whitewash, and symptoms of a general turn-out, and long arrears of cleaning, speak of persons gone. Add to this, the parks are

grown monotonous; all the fashionables have grown quite common; the pavement is hot, and the trees in the squares quite dusty; and even Nature looks shabby, and the flowers in the balconies can keep up false appearances no longer.

All this causes a sensation of being left in the lurch, and all the more dull because others are making holiday. Every newspaper is full of advertisements, most tempting, till you have been so deluded as to spend time and money upon the representation, of charming places to go to—summer paradises by description, but very dustholes in fact. The country, you think, must be shady, cool, and refreshing; and you find a place dark and fusty, with plenty of the heat, but little indeed of the air of summer. 'This will never do,' you say; 'London is cool to this: what an imposition! But, then, how can I believe advertisements, or how find any house without.'

'Then I understand, sir, you want,' says a house-agent, 'a good family-house, price moderate, near a station, on the banks of the Thames—sloping lawn, with boating and fishing. Why, all London want that, sir; and as to price, City people don't stand about a ten-pound note—only once a year—pay for their whistle, all of them.'

Whereupon you look further down the list. 'Here, sir,' he said to us; 'this house the Rev. — wants to let: he used to give his house for a curate—a substitute for six weeks; but the last had the scarlet fever in the house. Quite safe by this time, sir; for a whole year since, and no one caught it. Or, stay, here is another house quite safe—but you have children, did you not say, sir?—very sorry; he writes "no children" in his letter; and I am to be on my guard against convalescents. But then this is the very thing—Good house, well-stocked garden, and use of a cow, &c.; price only four guineas a week.'

'But what advantages?'

'Why, you don't pay for advantages. Situation retired—but you don't leave London for society, you know, sir—Salisbury Plain; easy walk to Stonehenge.'

I soon found that we must extend our distance, raise our price, and limit our desires. All the requisites on which we had set our mind perhaps never yet had met together; and as Uncle Robert proposed to join, and the girls knew he would pay for lots of treats, 'we at last found boating and fishing, or what was called such, with a railway near, with a lawn for croquet, and a field for archery. Indeed it was quite a relief to find so much together, coming just at the time we despaired of finding any house at all.

Uncle Robert became quite public-spirited: he saw advertised 'a pony, harness, and basket-carriage, all complete, the property of a lady, who would accept moderate terms of a kind master.' This he said he could buy and sell again—a cheap way of hiring—and we should have fine fun about the lanes.

We were now all in high spirits: we should be so 'jolly,' and so much enjoy a little rational country recreation. The house was to be all cleaned up and ready for us: but the day we arrived there was a gate wide open, the gardener had gone off to the public-house, a great litter of straw proclaimed that we had almost trodden on the heels of the departing tenants. The one maid left in the house looked much out of heart, and yet more out of temper. She was entrusted with the inventory, assisted by a clerk in the village; and going over the inventory, when too old to coincide with later cracks, chips, and deficiencies, is no very satisfactory operation after a journey; though meanwhile the boys began to put to their fishing-rods, and our girls began to set their croquet; for all young people think, if they only take care of their own impulsive selves and amusements, that everything else—with the help of papa and mamma—will of course go right of itself.

Luckily we had brought a basket of cold pie and chickens, or we should have gone hungry to bed that night. We were four miles from the town; and 'Please, sir, how about going to market? Master used to be obliged to keep a tax-cart on purpose;'—the reason master was so long in letting this out-of-the-way and most inconvenient place. Then there was only one farmer—and he very grumpy and independent—who would sell the house milk; but the milk 'he would not sell anybody who did not also take his butter,—such stuff! one would think he made it bad on purpose.'

'Then how did your master manage?'

'Oh, master kept a cow: but the cow isn't in your rent; the last family used it so bad—they were for everlasting a milking of it.'

For the meat, there was the village butcher; but most people sent to the town. Here was one use for the basket carriage, certainly! But I began to consider that my wife had promised herself a little holiday from the tedious severities of house-keeping; and now her difficulties were likely to keep her domestic economies at full stretch; and—worse and worse!—she said she apprehended quite a mutiny among the servants: they said they never saw such an outlandish place, and had they known what barn-door savages the people were, they would never have come.

Our troubles seemed serious; for, my wife and I are bad travellers; and, if we have a weakness, it is about a clean house and no fusty smells. Must I confess that our first week was a week of soap and soda, of charwomen and scrubbing-brushes? and two large crates of kitchen and other articles fit to use we were obliged to send for to our house in town.

Meanwhile Uncle Robert, who never liked to acknowledge a bad bargain, used to come home very hot, after flogging 'that brute of a pony!' After those drives we used to tell him, as he looked very savage and out of temper, that he was a very bad personation of 'the kind

master' specified in that very tempting advertisement.

However, by the end of the week—though this first week went very unlike the healthful holiday and recreation we came for—we had settled down and were ready to look about ourselves in quest of all the pleasure and rural felicity that we had set our minds upon.

How about the boating? Why, six miles down the river lived a man who let out boats: but mamma heard there had been an accident, which made her nervous, as the boys could not swim. However, I thought it would be foolish not to have a boat, now that we had paid higher rent for being near the river; so Uncle Robert flogged Gyp—so we called the pony, declaring it was stolen by Gipsies, and would be claimed, to uncle's great confusion—he flogged Gyp over to the ferry-house; and a boat was announced as at the bottom of our washerwoman's garden, and ready at command by the end of the first week. But even then we were three-quarters of a mile from the said boat, and that was as far as we cared to walk; and what with rain and leakage the boat was never quite ready, and always dirty from some one who had used it on the sly, when we reached it. Then those horrid locks were in the way, and only a mile from one to the other; and such a stream! we were—that is, Uncle Robert and I were (as the boys were not strong enough to do much good)—an hour rowing one way, and not ten minutes floating down the other, so like the rest of life, in which we have our labouring by the hour, but our pleasures doled out by the minute; and we came in so hot, we were afraid of rheumatism—and this was the first and the last of our amateur watering. True, I did boast of having been a good rower at College; but times are altered; for now I leaked at every pore, and blew like a porpoise. So we said that we would put the rowing off on the gardener and a man he said he could find in the village; but, of course, the man was scarcely ever in the way when we were in the mood for a water-

party; so we did not use the boat six times in all—and never really enjoyed it once.

Nature designed man for business, not for pleasure—for taking his part in the game of life with his fellow-creatures, and not for being taken up with himself alone for many weeks together. So, true to this scheme of Providence, two months proves to be a very long time for our own private and solitary gratification alone. The choice morsels and dainties of life depend upon your zest for them; and you can no more make pleasant days, than nice dinners follow each other, without doing something for an appetite.

What was to be done? Croquet, with no young men and pretty girls to flirt with; no gathering of their young mothers, for men like myself to lounge with on the lawn—for there is a sort of post-marital flirting for which we never grow too old—Croquet for its own sake, like dancing for its own sake, is absurd, of course; so the balls and mallets lay idle in the summer-house; and, after I had almost broken my shins over the arches, the croquet was as dead a letter almost as the boats.

But the fishing? Where there is a river we imagine there must be fishing; but not necessarily the fishing that catches anything. We had been to Farlow's shop, and bought all sorts of ingenious baits—the spoon-bait included; though it only served as an interminable subject of Uncle Robert's puns, who said the fish would take it for a mirror, and see their noses in it; and they were the *spoons* who believed otherwise. Only, the water at one time was too low; at another, too high. Without a boat, and skilful spinning and boating together, under the weirs and in the mill-stream, you would never find yourself in the same parish with an old Thames trout. For the pike it was too early; and for all other fish—save a few gudgeons, and they very scarce—it was quite the wrong place. In short, we had yet to learn that whoever stows fishing-rods and baskets among his luggage for the two hottest summer months, virtually announces to every true Waltonian,

that he knows very little about the matter.

Fortunately, it took us nearly five weeks to find this out—or, as Uncle Robert said, ‘to prove an *alibi*’ for the fish wherever we put in our line; so we had the pleasures of hope all the time. Certainly there must be good fishing, because there was here ‘the Fishery Inn,’ and ‘Parties accommodated with punts, baits, and expert fishermen’—all supposed to be of sufficient attraction to be advertised at all the tackle-shops in town. There was also most conspicuous in the passage of the said Fishery Inn, an eighteen-pound pike in a glass case: and every man in the village told you of Squire A., or of Master Thomas B., who had done wonders. Indeed, the townpeople stood up most stoutly for the pretensions of their water; and one day, when I rather depreciated the place as a great fishing resort, the landlady said, ‘I suspect, sir, you are one of those gentlemen who are not very cute about catching of them.’

‘And had you no one to speak to all this time?’

‘My sympathetic friend, you shall hear.—For the first ten days, walking down to the post and there conning over the “Times,” was our chief resort. But there we scraped acquaintance with the parson—or rather the parson with us—for one of his parishioners “the most deserving,”—which means one who keeps off the poor rates—had lost a pig; and since every pig-keeper calculates that no pig, of course, has any business to die till the proper time for taking his bacon degree, this was a great disappointment—so the parson came round for a subscription. We could not decently refuse a fair contingent, and of course we had a little gossip in the way of discount; but our ideas and topics had little in common. When he met me, he bored me about church questions, and the only one I at all understood was about shortening the services, as soon as it could be done constitutionally, and shortening the sermons without more delay: so we were sorry companions at the best.

‘All this time it was not constant sunshine. We were shut up in the house by two very wet days, and the beautiful trees they boast of in a country-house we found could look very dank and dripping in bad weather. Nature’s beauties are sublime, no doubt: but you can’t look at one set of trees for ever; and I am sure that a cabstand before my window all these two days would have been a sensible relief.

‘But, after ten days, Aunt Betty, hearing we had a spare room, came for change of air, and especially for the good of her nerves—poor blind mortals that we are!—for little did these nerves know what were in store for them. The first proposal was a morning drive at walking pace with Uncle Robert,—“But was the pony steady?” Steady, indeed! we all laughed at the idea—I had driven the brute, and said there wasn’t a kick belonging to it—you might as well flog a rhinoceros, or expect any runaway adventure from a cow! But one day the pony looked to me more lively. I saw a shake of the head, and that kind of look-round in the stall, which made me think that the corn was improving him; and, as our friends the Wakes proved to have found out-of-town quarters, about seven miles off, my wife and I, with Robert and Aunt Betty, agreed to start in the basket-carriage, to spend the afternoon with them.

‘As soon as I had seated myself, with my back to the horse, feeling the dangerous nearness of my head to the heels of a kicker, I expressed some natural hopes and fears to Robert, which he answered only with a laugh at the bare suggestion of the thing; but, before we had gone three hundred yards, the pony seemed quite another animal, and a very vicious animal, too. I jumped up in a hurry—his heels came flashing just where my head had been—crack, crack, crack was the sound, as he was evidently kicking to kick himself free. Robert was at too long a pull for the reins to be of any use. I staggered out and fell with one foot under the wheel—Robert was shot, like a sack, into

the ditch—my wife jumped into my arms—for, luckily, I was hobbling up in an instant; but poor Aunt Betty was thrown bleeding on the gravel, while the pony, with the trap, went furiously kicking down the road.

"This adventure made a variety, at all events, and that was worth something. The doctor—who proved a pleasant fellow, and something of a philosopher, too—said that Aunt Betty was not very bad; whereupon Uncle Robert, who always makes the best of everything, proceeded to maintain that there was nothing like a good shaking to do some people good; and while Betty was employed about plastering up her elbow she would forget all about her nerves. This theory the doctor did not use many words to qualify: for part of a doctor's business is to indulge all the family in a good talk, and, to say the truth, at this particular time, we had as much talking-power wanting vent as we ever had in our lives. However, Aunt Betty was the subject of kind inquiries for a week from the ladies of a neighbouring family, who called with most sympathetic attention; so, we began to feel a little more at home. The "safe and quiet pony" proved, on inquiry, to have been sold as an inveterate kicker—though kickers do not always begin their old pranks till they are used to a new place.

"From the doctor we learnt a little of the locality. "Out-of-towners" (I learnt that word from him), he said, "have been quite a study to me for years past: they are a class of patients by whom I do a good deal of business in some seasons, and if they stayed a little longer, I should do more still in another way."

"How so, doctor?"

"Why, they come down with one set of complaints, and if they only remained long enough, would, most of them, set up another. They come down here—the younger ones used up by the London season, and the fathers and mothers by the dinner-parties. There's Mrs. Whitehard, of Tyburnia—she declared to me she had been living on

ice-puddings, sweetbreads, and side-dishes for eight weeks together."

"But what complaints are people likely to catch here?"

"Why, compare your life, sir, these last three weeks, with your life in London. There, you say, you eat a cheerful breakfast, are off to the City—have no time, or care, either, for more than a sandwich, or what nature requires, at mid-day, and come home to eat your dinner with a hearty appetite. Death, in the old story, could not catch the Cambridge carrier while on the jog, but he died the first idle day. Very true to nature, that story is—and you, sir, what is your way of living just now?"

"I plead guilty: I am nibbling at the fruit at all hours; I am smoking from sheer idleness; and looking forward to luncheon for something to do."

"Yes, that's the way idle men dig their graves with their teeth—men forget they can eat themselves to death as well as drink themselves. But as to your mind, sir? Are you not now fidgeted by little things as much as you used to be with great?—Which is more trying to your constitution, do you think, 'to be eaten up by rust,' or 'scoured to pieces by perpetual motion?'"

"But what are you driving at, doctor? Is all this out-of-towning a physical mistake? Had a City man better go on work, work, work all the year round?"

"Certainly not. But you were complaining of the place being dull and stupid. The truth is, the best place for a fortnight, is the worst possible place for a month. I have looked on and watched you sauntering to the post-office, gazing at the geese upon the common, and looking unutterable things at the lazy-pacing minutes on your watch. Yours, my dear sir, is the old mistake: people come down here after pleasure; but it is the very nature of pleasure to come after us, when we find it at all: and you out-of-towners want such an unconscionable quantity of pleasure to keep you going—with nothing else—as long as your rent is running out."

"I was soon persuaded of the pro-

priety of finding some little business worth running up to London for, so as to break the monotony. But though I was "within sound of the railway," I was six miles from a station—there was another cheat in the advertisement.

"But the children," I said; "doctor, what will they do?"

"Oh, leave them alone. Nature is kinder and more considerate of children a great deal. Life is new to them. The parson's children will suit them, though I suppose the parson himself does not particularly well suit you."

"The doctor soon after remarked, "Letting houses in the season has become quite a business in this part of the country ever since our railway was made; and if it were not for the worry people had with their servants, or some little ailments to consult me about—the week it takes to get to right, and the other week it takes to prepare for breaking up, disputing about the breakages and the inventory, and otherwise squabbling with the landlord, as well as directions for reopening their own house in town—without all this—bless me! people could never stand two months of it. To pass many days and weeks together all smooth and all pleasure, with no emphasis at all on the prosy sentence of life—this would be, like a cake all plums, too sickening to enjoy. So, I always observe that when men cannot find themselves anything to do, the course of this world finds something for them. For, while you can only avoid downright insipidity—that vacuum

by nature most abhorred—I consider a few plagues as the next greatest blessing to real pleasures. The end of it is that the said out-of-town answers its purpose. Certainly, it is always very different from what people promise themselves; but isn't all life the same, chapter after chapter, from the cradle to the grave? And people are generally very glad to get back to home-comforts and their usual employments; and next year another set fill the same houses, and with much the same complaints;—for it is very rarely we ever see the same party twice—not that they are quite so certain to better themselves elsewhere: only they have sounded the depths of this, and they could hardly practise the same imposition upon themselves, however sanguine, at another out-of-town unless they tried it on at some other boating, fishing, or otherwise tempting situation."

Here was the philosophy of the whole matter. My experience, season after season, has completely coincided with the views of my observing friend; and I yet further agree with him, that while a man can keep on going pretty comfortably in this life, he need not be particular about being wiser than other people, or trouble himself too curiously about the why or the wherefore of those customary vagaries—perhaps the best, after all, of which circumstances admit—by which we all try to be happy the best way we can.



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BATHING WITH AN EMPEROR.

'There we lay,
All the day,
In the Bay of Biscay, oh ?'



DOTTED round the coast of Great Britain are innumerable watering-places, the inhabitants of which draw their yearly income from out the pockets of credulous towns-

men who, induced by the belief that the sea breezes and fresh shrimps for breakfast every morning are the very things to set them up for another eleven months' toil, make a point of spending a few weeks of each summer at some seaside town or village. Well for them if it is a village they choose, where shingle and sand, tar, fresh herrings, and tobacco, are the staple commodities, for then they do stand a chance of getting a morning dip in the clear green sea, and a pure 'sniff of the briny,' but alas for them if they choose a fashionable watering-place, where the sea-breeze brings with it a cloud of smoke from Victoria crescent, or a rush of 'blacks' from Regina square! Alas for them if they select a spot where beach gives way to promenade, and where pepper-and-salt suits are unknown! To walk slowly up and down a gravelled walk, with the sea on one side, a row of houses on the other, and a band at each end, with nothing to do but to observe the costume of your fellow-creatures, and try to feel an interest in the 'Mary Anne' of Goole labouring outside the harbour, is doubtless to many more enjoyable than to sprawl on a pebbly beach, and lazily watch the ripples of an incoming tide, wondering vaguely and listlessly how long you may maintain your position without getting wet. But happily for the well-being of the world, every one does not think alike, and kindly railway companies are equally ready to transport me to a wild little Scotch fishing-village, or you, my reader, to the gay and festive Scarborough, at the lowest possible fares.

Our neighbours across the Channel are more given than we are to indulge in promenading. A French gentleman, a good walker, is a rarity, and the French ladies, if they cannot ride, stop at home. A watering-place to them needs no further attraction than that other people go there, that there are some good cafés, and a well-conducted casino. This being ascertained, they will go and spend a few days at Dieppe or Trouville, sitting on chairs on the beach, listening to the band, eating ices, and occasionally sauntering half a mile; but for aristocratic France, the queen of all watering-places is Biarritz, not so much on account of any special beauty in the place or any marvellous conveniences for bathing, but simply because it is patronised by the Emperor—you remember how a certain gentleman missed Brighton out of a fishing-village—and is fashionable and expensive.

Perhaps, few places so well known by name, have been so little visited by the English as Biarritz. Certainly seven hundred and fifty miles is a considerable distance to go for a sea bath, still it is possible to reach it from London in forty hours, or even less; and for a fashionable bathing-place, it is the most charming that it has ever been the good fortune of the writer to visit. Its situation is delightful; the view of the Pyrenees, and the

numerous inlets of the Spanish coast, the wide-spreading Bay of Biscay, the picturesquely dotted houses and white spired church, as seen from the lighthouse is beautiful; while life and society in this last nook of France, is a never-failing stock of amusement to the foreign tourist. From the sea the town itself is not visible, and Biarritz shows but as a small place—in truth it is not very large—with a large white building at one end of the bay, which is the casino, where music, cards, dancing, theatrical representations, and concerts, amuse the visitors in the evening, and at the other extremity a substantial modest-looking red brick house, which is the residence of His Imperial Majesty Napoleon III., when he visits Biarritz, and is known as the Villa Eugénie. It makes little show, and but for the sentry the traveller might pass it by unnoticed. The town proper is situated in a little valley and contains a fair amount of shops, an unfair number of lodging houses, a few cafés, and several small hotels, the larger and better being situate where a sea view is obtainable. This one long street of Biarritz is gay and crowded as a fair during a summer's evening. The shops are brilliantly illuminated, and sparkle and glitter in all the glory of jewellery, and other prettinesses; outside the cafés every seat is taken, ices are in great demand, and a lightly, gaily-dressed crowd of visitors saunter through the street, glancing at the jewellers', staring in at the old curiosity shop, where quaint china monsters, inlaid tea-trays, elaborate fans, and antique gems are to be purchased; wondering at the Turkish gentleman who, in the costume of his country, smokes his cigarette at his shop door, resplendent in baggy trousers and crimson fez; marvelling at the 'true Chinese,' as the notice over the shop door proclaims him to be, who, with pigtail and costume complete, nods with an energy worthy of a mandarin, and strives to look like a native of Peking instead of Paris; delighting in the performing monkey, or dancing dogs, which some bold speculator has brought so far on the chance of earning a few sous from an

open-air audience; and at the same time laughing, joking, flirting, and smoking amongst themselves. In addition to the shops there are stalls erected beneath the trees, where walking sticks, carved ivory, and other necessities of life may be bought, and about these cluster masses of the visitors. Crack, crack, crack, goes a long thonged whip — 'Gar-r-r — Houp — Houp!' cries the driver, and dashing through the crowd comes the last conveyance from Bayonne, just stopping short of running over some twenty or thirty men and women, who stand still and shriek, partly in fear partly in pleasure. Then ensues a conversation on which you might be led to believe by the earnestness and gesticulation that the life of one of the speakers depended, and after that the driver and his friends adjourn to a neighbouring café, the coach is dragged into the yard, the horses are taken out, and the people crowd round the stalls again.

By this time the moon has risen, the air sighs through the streets soft and balmy, and ever and anon comes the sound of the rising tide as it laps upon the sand or roars in the rocky cavities of the bay. Then faintly in the distance sounds the band of the casino, and towards it flock the majority of the visitors to lounge upon the broad terrace facing the sea, to read the news of the day, to scan the list of fresh arrivals, but above all to see and be seen. What becomes of the visitors in the morning is a mystery. During the early part of the day the streets are deserted, the bathing-places are but little frequented, and the shore has no strollers. The jingle of a piano, or a glimpse of a negligently-dressed lounging figure, however, show that the quiet houses with their closed shutters, are not untenanted, however much their dreary look may lead one to suppose such to be the case.

The writer upon one memorable occasion visited one of the best known of Welsh watering-places, in the month of March, and never will he forget the desolate, dismal, deserted appearance of the fashionable town. The chief hotels looked like

soldierless barracks, the hot baths were being painted, the lodging-houses were shut up, the bathing-machines and pleasure boats were stowed away beneath sheds, the railway station was inhabited by a hermit, and the shop shutters were up, giving the idea of a plague-stricken town, which notion was strengthened by the absence of all visible population. The morning and early afternoon at Biarritz gives a somewhat similar idea, so quiet are the streets, so scarce the strollers, so few the bathers, but the heat is sufficient excuse for idleness, and none but English tourists, salamanders, and negroes, would care unnecessarily to roam about beneath the blazing sun in the early part of the day during the months of August or September in this fashionable southern watering-place. But towards five o'clock the visitors emerge from their shady retreats where they have probably been dozing, skimming light literature, and sipping iced drinks, for five or six hours, and make their appearance on the sands and at the various bathing-places.

The principal of these bathing-places are called the Côte des Basques, the Port Vieux, and the Côte Napoléon. The Port Vieux is a narrow inlet much frequented by swimmers, while the bay known as the Côte Napoléon, is patronised more by those whose powers of natation are limited, but who yet desire to enjoy the pleasure of a dip in the salt sea or a plunge amongst the waves of the Bay of Biscay, which in that spot they can do with perfect safety. At one extremity of the Côte Napoléon stands the villa Eugénie, while facing it at the other is the white-faced casino. Down upon the sand near to the casino is the bathing establishment—a long, low, somewhat gaudily-painted building of a mock Moorish pattern, and into this imposing edifice enter, at opposite ends, ladies and gentlemen dressed in the very extreme of fashion, to emerge in a short time more plainly than elegantly clad for the water. The ladies' attire consists of tunic and trousers, sometimes fancifully and tastefully embroidered and decorated; while the gentlemen

make their appearance in somewhat similar articles, of a stripy, faded, washed-out, loose, and incongruous nature. It requires at first no little *sang froid* to walk thus attired for two or three hundred yards, through a crowd of lounging belles and beaux seated or strolling on the sands, who congregate together and make critical remarks concerning you as you pass; but it is an ordeal to which all bathers, both male and female, must submit before they can take the water at Biarritz; and as use is second nature, the novelty speedily wears off, and the promenade is treated as a matter of course, and stare is returned for stare, and criticism for criticism.

The various methods in which different bathers choose to enter the sea are well worthy of note by all who desire to enjoy a hearty laugh. The smooth sandy shore slopes very gradually, and bathers may proceed to a considerable distance without being out of their depth, though even on a calm day the waves roll in at times with considerable force. In entering the water the favourite style with young France is a skip and a jump, a run, a leap over two or three ripples, a splash, and a retreat, then a cautious advance and a species of wild dance, as if the bather were performing the can-can with a wave for a partner, and finally, a terrific plunge into three feet of water; middle-aged France, conscious of the buoyant nature of fat, walks with elephantine tread some little distance into the sea, throws himself upon his back, and floats placidly and contentedly till a wave washes him up amongst the promenaders on the shore, and leaves him there prostrate, high and dry, when he rises and repeats the performance. Ladies trip lightly down the shore to the water's edge, throw aside the dainty little slippers they have worn over the loose, dry, gritty sand, which, fine and soft though it be, irritates bare feet not a little, and then not unfrequently stand while an attendant empties a bucketful of water over their heads preparatory to their crossing the boundary of king Neptune's domains. A favourite amusement amongst the bathers at

the Côte Napoléon is, to form into line, ladies and gentlemen holding each other's hands, and then advance boldly towards the rolling waves. Just as the white crest towers above them, all spring upwards and are borne in by the advancing tide. Naturally some are unfortunate and do not make their leap in time, but the great object is to keep the chain of linked hands unbroken, and those who first regain their feet on the soft, firm sand, assist in righting their less fortunate companions; but should a second wave follow close upon the heels of the first, probably the whole party are rolled ignominiously over, and after a few seconds come panting and dripping to their feet. This pastime is attended with no danger, for the water is shallow and the beach shelving, while, moreover, a boat is stationed throughout the day at a certain distance from the shore, to prevent even good swimmers going beyond a particular point, ready at a moment's notice to proceed to the assistance of any bather who may have imprudently ventured out of his depth. The scene in this bay any fine autumn afternoon is one of great beauty, especially when the rays of the setting sun lend their glory to it, reddening the pine woods, lighting up the picturesquely-grouped houses, and crimsoning the rocks; but for those who would see a sunset in all its splendour, there is a mound behind the church from which may be viewed a glorious expanse of sea, and an almost illimitable range of mountains standing out in solemn purple against the crimson-barred golden sky, as the sun sinks into the ocean, sending a last rich, glittering, quivering path of glory across the sea.

The Port Vieux, an inlet of the sea, small in comparison with the bay known as the Côte Napoléon, is the bathing-place frequented by swimmers, and so crowded is it at times, that a novice stands a fair chance of being jostled out of the water. Here ladies and gentlemen swim, dive, and gambol together like a shoal of porpoises, but the shore slopes somewhat steeply, soon leading to deep water, consequently the non-swimmers do not much

patronise this bay. As the dinner-hour draws near, the sea is deserted; men and women, with dripping, tight-clinging garments, rush in haste to the Moorish shed or the Swiss chalet, to don their land garb; the boats which have tossed up and down all day upon the waves, anxiously longing to proceed to somebody's rescue, are pulled in to shore; the money-takers at the bathing-houses close their little windows and count up their francs; the bathing-dresses are hung out to dry by the hundred; the promenaders go home to their hotels; twilight gives way with marvellous rapidity to darkness, and silence reigns alike in the Côte Napoléon and the Port Vieux, for Biarritz is at dinner.

Bathing, promenading, lounging, eating, drinking, and smoking, pass away the hours of the visitors at the Empress's watering-place, and for those who are content to fill up their days with such amusements, Biarritz is perfection; but in the matter of excursions, walks, or drives, it is decidedly badly off. The railway takes adventurous travellers into Spain in a very short time, concerning which trip I hope to say a few words on some future occasion; and the coaches convey them to Bayonne, where, to all appearance, one half the visitors at Biarritz pass their days, going in in the morning and not returning till dusk; indeed, so sought after are the places in the morning conveyances, that though coaches, omnibuses, and breaks start every quarter of an hour, to secure a seat it is necessary to book it at least on the previous afternoon.

Certainly there is some excuse for this, for there are few towns calculated to impress a traveller more favourably than Bayonne, when seen on a bright, clear, sunshiny day. Half French, half Spanish, its shops and hotels, with inscriptions in both languages; its gay, bright, bustling, busy streets; its crowd of pedestrians, ladies in the latest Paris fashions, Spanish contrabandists, picturesquely-attired priests, soldiers, nuns, and tourists; its splendid Place de Grammont; its venerable cathedral, and, above all, the view from its citadel, with the distant Pyrenees,

equalling if not exceeding in beauty the famed panorama of the Bernese Alps from Thun, make Bayonne a far from unpleasant place to visit; while, once free of the town, the calm, fertile landscape through which the river Adour flows, with a background of distant mountains, is exquisitely charming. No wonder the five-mile ride to this town from Biarritz is a favourite one, the more especially as on French territory the only other interesting excursion to be made is to the lighthouse. Thither, in carriages, on foot, on horse or donkey back, go at least once during their stay all visitors at Biarritz, and there are but few, I think, who, if they choose a clear day for their excursion, can come away dissatisfied. The sea view is magnificent, while the panorama of ocean and mountain looking towards Spain can hardly be surpassed. Further along the coast, in the direction of Bayonne, is a cave, which, in itself, presents no very great feature of interest, though the legend attached to it may please the sentimental. It is called the *Chambre d'Amour*, and the story goes that in it two lovers were surprised by the rising tide, and were drowned in each other's arms. 'Poor things!' say the fashionable visitors, as they seat themselves to picnic near the romantic spot, and the death agony of two of their fellow creatures is soon forgotten in the popping of champagne corks and the merry laughter of the happy sight-seers who have gone there for a day's pleasure, and have no idea of allowing any sombre reflections to mar their jollity.

With a good deal of sleeping, a modicum of strolling, a vast amount of lounging, a fair proportion of bathing, and a minimum of real exercise, the fashionable visitors at Biarritz get through the day, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that, while pretending to be engaged in amusing themselves, the day slips by them; still there are few yawning-bored people amongst the crowd on the beach on an autumn afternoon, for the scene is so gay and lively, the waves so crisp and green, the view so beautiful, the bathers so amusing, and the promenaders so

gaily attired, that the most listless loungeur can occupy his eyes and the vacuum where his brains should be, in staring at the fashionable crowd and speculating as to who they are, where they have found lodgings, and how many fresh comers the next break from Bayonne will bring in. Of course, too, there is a never-failing source of speculation and conversation respecting the royal bathers, anecdotes are retailed, true if possible, but better than none, the inventions of fertile brains, respecting the Empress, and never-ceasing stories of the progress of the Prince Imperial in the art of swimming at the Port Vieux, pass from mouth to mouth; and then, when the man who holds the reins of France so firmly in his hands, strolls on the sand accompanied by his wife and child, just as you, Mr. and Mrs. Paterfamilias, do with little Johnny, hats are raised and he passes on his way without state or ceremony of any kind, mixing with the people and talking to acquaintances, sinking the Emperor in the private gentleman. Alas for the explosion of the old ideas that sovereigns never moved without crowns upon their heads, and that trains of velvet supported by pink-legged pages were the adjuncts to empresses, for at least fourteen hours in the day, if they were not permanently attached to them in lieu of those singular appendages which, Lord Monboddo believed, formed a part of man in his natural state! The illusion has all but died out, and kings and queens after all are found to be only men and women.

When Biarritz was a tiny fishing village, before royalty discovered it and raised it to its present position, the Port Vieux, instead of being a public swimming bath, was an inlet sheltering the few boats the little place owned, now those boats have disappeared; but vessels are occasionally driven by stress of weather towards Biarritz, running always the risk of being dashed in pieces on the cruel rocks which crop up from out the water in every direction—rocks in which the sea has worn holes and caverns, to bubble and boil and surge in—rocks over which the waves dash in clouds of blinding

spray—rocks which look pleasant and picturesque on a summer's day seen from the shore, with the surf whitening their bases, but which must present a terrible appearance on a tempestuous winter night when seen from the deck of a ship driving before the wind full upon them. As yet there is no refuge for such distressed vessels, but a harbour is in the course of construction close to the Port Vieux.

It is a favourite exercise to stroll round the portion already built, and certainly it is well worth a visit independently of the scenery which surrounds it. It is formed principally of enormous blocks of concrete, made on the spot in huge wooden cases of fifteen cubic metres each, though stone as well has been largely used. During the gales of last winter the ocean, as if resenting the intrusion, destroyed much of the work, hurling huge broken masses of both stone and concrete back upon the shore; but the defects have been made good, and a white statue of the Virgin placed at the extremity is looked upon, not only as commemorative of the death of four labourers who were swept by a wave from the platform on which they were at work and perished in the sea, but also as an emblem of hope for the success of the undertaking.

Three things are necessary in going to Biarritz—time, inclination, and money, but once there, few I think could be disappointed. If mountain scenery be sought after, there are the Pyrenees; if sea view is

desired, there is the Bay of Biscay; if novelty, there is an easy trip into Spain; if gaiety, there is the beach and the casino. A pleasant, idle, lounging, ice-eating, coffee-sipping, cigarette-smoking, sea-bathing time may be spent there; a heated, panting, umbrella covered, thirsty time may be passed there; a merry, jovial, happy time may be frittered away there; and lastly, the lion hunting traveller may have the supreme felicity of plunging into the same wave with royalty, or of watching the kicks and plunges of the heir to the crown of the finest empire in the world, as he takes his first lessons in swimming.

A pleasant run through France, with a short stay in Paris, an inspection of the cathedral at Tours, a visit to the city of Bordeaux, with its fine bridge over the Gironde, its magnificent theatre, and its grand quays and public buildings, a railway trip through the curious department of the Landes, a glance at Bayonne, a five-mile omnibus ride, and Biarritz is gained after a journey which, if not too hurried, will not be the least pleasant recollection the traveller will bring home with him when he returns from his trip to the watering-place in the last nook of France, which the will of an Empress has transformed from an insignificant fishing village to a maritime town, and which, not being a capital, has perhaps been honoured by the presence of royalty above all others.



THE YACHTING SEASON.

THE fierce gales of winter which have strewn our shores with wrecks have at length been succeeded by the gentle breezes of summer. Storms, clouds, frosts, and a host of other evil genii, who had long held the earth in chains, have been scattered by the shafts of victorious Sol, and at his all-powerful command, Nature, awakening from the dead, begins to throb with life, and to pour joy and strength through every nerve and artery. Zephyr—to use the graceful symbolism of the ancients—is now wooing Flora; lawn and woodland are arrayed in their newest and richest robes; and even old Neptune sinks at noontide into a soft siesta, or glides peacefully over the calm waters, keeping holiday with his blithe and sportive train.

The business of pleasure now recommences, and activity begins to manifest itself throughout the pleasure fleets of England. The yacht is in general a mere butterfly of summer, and, unless she has been fortunate enough to have proceeded to the Mediterranean, has lain in a chrysalis state all the winter, herself dismantled and in the mud, and her stores housed on shore. But now she is put in commission for the season, and issues forth brave in bunting and bright in gold and colours. Constant scraping and painting and varnishing are necessary to produce and maintain her brilliant appearance, and 'fitting out' usually occupies a month or six weeks. Yachts are as various in size and equipment as the tastes and means of their owners, and range, from the stately queen-like vessel which sweeps over the high seas, and seems like a haughty beauty to keep the world at a distance, and own no connection with earthly dross, to the impudent little chits which thrust their noses into every creek and cranny along our coasts, and generally belong to the aspiring sons of our maritime towns.

We are always liable, in subjects with which we are but little acquainted, to class together a large

number of objects between which investigation would teach us to distinguish; and thus many conceive all yachts to be alike, whereas they are as different as the services in which they are employed. A racing yacht is long, deep, and narrow, carries heavy spars, and spreads a large amount of canvas: it is, consequently, scarcely safe in a heavy sea, and affords very indifferent accommodation in proportion to its size. Some able seaboats (such, for instance, as the Arrow) have occasionally carried off prizes, but they are too few to invalidate the rule, and have always been of large tonnage. A cruising yacht, on the contrary, is built with a broad beam and roomy cabins, with the view of carrying ample stores and standing rough weather, or, as sailors express it, of being a 'wholesome' craft. Such a vessel is suitable for fishing or shooting, but these recreations cannot be successfully engaged in at the same time with what is generally understood by yachting. Vessels intended for shooting expeditions fit out late in the autumn, carry light spars and storm canvas, and are provided with white boats and swivel guns. They proceed to certain points on the coast of England or Holland, or wherever sport is to be found, but, as may be imagined, it has to be purchased at the expense of considerable discomfort and of occasional danger. For fishing purposes a great number and variety of hooks and lines are requisite—for they are constantly being lost, and nearly every kind of fish requires a different kind of tackle—and nets of several descriptions, a seine and a trawl net being indispensable. Piscatorial enterprises are not suitable for those whose object is 'pleasuring.' You have to betake yourself to certain 'fishing grounds,' and remain there all day, and perhaps all night. You cannot, while on your way to France, while away the time by pulling up large turbot, or even little herrings, and if you attempt to work your nets, you must be content to appear at

the next port with little paint or varnish on your rails, and a large quantity of sea-wrack and refuse on your deck. Fish are not, as might be expected, scattered throughout all parts of the sea, but frequent a few localities well known to fishermen. It seems very strange that they should continue to congregate in places where they are constantly being disturbed by boats passing overhead, and by trawl beams sweeping up and down; but these localities have probably some advantages with regard to food and shelter which more than compensate for these discomforts. When I was last year at Guernsey I found that not a single mackerel could be taken on the north side of the port of St. Peter's, although whittings were there in abundance; nor a whiting on the south side, although it was very favourable for mackerel.

We perceive, then, from the above observations, that we cannot do two things at once at sea any more than on shore, and as yachts are various in kind, so are the tastes and habits of their owners. A racing man orders a craft to be built for the purpose of carrying off a prize. Everything is sacrificed to this object, the vessel is overmasted, and the floors, where shifting ballast is allowed, are covered with shot-bags. The yacht is then entered for the intended match; a crew is hired for the occasion; she sails, wins or loses; all is over in a few days, and the vessel is laid up and probably for sale. If she has been successful she brings a fancy price; if not, she is almost worthless, and must be sold for a song, or lie until she rots in a builder's yard.

Hence we learn that yachting of this kind is very different from cruising. A vessel intended for the latter purpose fits out early in the year, and its roomy cabins are provided with all the luxuries which are to be found in the best establishments on shore, and with such appliances as tend to render the sea, as far as comfort is concerned, as much like the land as possible. But although we are accustomed to say that money can do anything, it certainly cannot convert the 'restless

rolling deep' into terra firma, nor prevent the wanderers over its bosom from often feeling unpleasantly aware that they are not at home, but at sea. Every advantage has some counterbalancing drawback; we cannot obtain health in the salons of London, and must be content to forego some of the gratifications of sense, if we would enjoy fresh breezes and sublime scenery.

While upon this subject—although I cannot speak with the authority of a veteran yachtsman, having had but four years' experience—I think that I may be able to give a few useful hints to those now fitting out for the first time. Firstly, with respect to clothing, avoid thick, rough cloths, and wear a light jacket, keeping an overcoat for cold and a waterproof for wet weather. Beaver cloth is very good for all these purposes, but nothing heavier should be used, for thick materials, when once thoroughly wet, cannot be properly dried on board ship. All garments which are brought in contact with salt water remain damp for a long time, and even those which are not, become impregnated with the saline particles with which the sea air is laden, and are thus kept from drying by the humidity of the surrounding atmosphere.

When I went on my first yachting expedition, and dropped anchor for the first time at a fashionable watering-place, feeling a little natural pride at my new position, and observing some gorgeously-attired young ladies sailing up and down the pier, I descended at once into my cabin, from which I hoped to issue speedily in irreproachable costume; and as I am aware that many form their opinion of a gentleman, not exactly from his understanding, but from his boots, I determined to be faultless in this respect at least. Imagine the blow my vanity sustained when, on opening a locker, I found the pair on which my hopes depended perfectly white—white with mould—and covered with a fine soft fur, such as might have been a source of instruction to those who are fond of tracing the earliest developments of organic life. My con-

sternation was equally great at the means by which they were to be restored, namely, by washing them thoroughly in fresh water, especially as I felt assured that they would never again be perfectly dry during the rest of my summer cruise. Let no yachtsman therefore expect any success on shore who is not provided with canvas and patent-leather boots, and with drawers and cases lined with tin, for the preservation of all articles, especially such as are of leather, which are liable to be destroyed by damp.

Next, with regard to viands. It is very desirable to keep a stock of fresh eggs constantly on board. They will serve as good substitutes for milk or cream, which it is often difficult to procure, and will afford you (*vide* 'A Hundred Modes of Dressing Eggs') a great variety of palatable and nourishing dishes. Preserved meats and soups in cases, such as can best be obtained in Little Stanhope Street, Mayfair, should also be provided, not for constant use, but for cases of emergency. For want of a store of this description, I was obliged on one occasion, during a calm, to subsist for nearly two days on two herrings and some green potatoes, which the crew, although they would not eat them, had fortunately omitted to throw away. All kinds of meat can be obtained in tin cases, ready dressed, with vegetables and savoury sauces; and in bad weather, when even a sea cook finds it difficult to produce anything eatable, these little pots can be placed for a few minutes in the oven, and will furnish a meal fit for Epicurus. It will not, however, be necessary to have recourse to them very often, as in most places, though not in all, supplies of fresh meat can be obtained. Meat naturally suggests drink. In this respect the yachtsman has a great advantage over his brethren on shore. A voyage should by all means be made to the coast of France or to Jersey, where a plentiful supply can be laid in and drunk in all the ports of England free of duty. A bottle may be taken on shore, if it has been broached, but not otherwise. The custom-house

officers are very considerate to yachtsmen, and seldom overhaul our stores; and it is our duty to return the compliment, and retain the privilege by avoiding smuggling, and prohibiting it among our crews. While upon this subject I would remark that any wines of an explosive character should be kept upright, and racks should be fitted into the cellarets for this purpose, as the heat and the motion of the vessel greatly increase the power of the confined air. Owing to a neglect of this precaution, I was on one occasion startled by a report like a pistol-shot in my saloon, and on opening one of the wine lockers, found, to my dismay, that every bottle was empty. As I removed them one by one, it was a source of melancholy interest to me to observe how these 'dead men' had severally met their fate; some had been blown to pieces by a general explosion; some had been killed by a shot, having fired out their corks and their contents after them, leaving themselves beautifully dry; some had had their necks broken; some had been cut in half; while a few had lost their understandings—their bottoms having blown off so neatly, that while the upper part formed a glass shade, the lower, or 'kick,' might have been used for drinking, and would have been appreciated in the good old days when large capacity was an object, and it was treason to possess a glass which could be replaced before it was drained.

Having given these hints to masters, I must now in turn offer some advice to men. Yachtsmen are an unsatisfactory class—that is, they are, like many other mortals, fonder of pleasure than of work. I do not allude here to owners, but to sailors, although the latter are the victims of a system for which they are not themselves responsible. It has become the custom with many to live most extravagantly on board their yachts, and only to keep them in commission for a very limited period, during which they attend regattas and show hospitality to their friends, while their crews live most irregularly, and can hardly be expected to be careful and economical while

they are in the midst of waste and profusion. Another evil results from this: men are hired for these short carnivals without any inquiry being instituted into their characters; and while the owner overlooks any misconduct, thinking he can only suffer it for a very short time, the crew determine upon making as much and doing as little as possible during their temporary engagement. They are also sure of being soon again in employment; and one man whom I had on board last summer had sailed in seventeen yachts—one of which he wrecked—although he had been only ten years at sea. Fishermen and others who have been seldom, if ever, in yachts, will be found the most efficient hands; and for their instruction I have drawn up the following directions, which, being derived from experience, set forth the rights and immunities of yachtsmen more truly, though less humorously, than those of Swift did the privileges of servants.

I. If work be slack, and you hear of a yacht requiring a hand, row off to it at once, and jump on board. They will find some difficulty in dislodging you, and if you can hold your ground until the boat which brought you has got away, they will at least have some trouble in sending you back.

II. As soon as you are engaged, say that you are a married man, and have a wife and family living close by. It would be, under these circumstances, a violation of every law, human and divine, to prevent your going on shore every evening, and you need not trouble yourself to return in the morning before noon. N.B. In Christian countries Sunday is a holiday.

III. Should there be any intention of putting to sea, protest that the breeze is too strong for so small a craft, and that to do so would be highly dangerous. Mention this confidentially to any ladies who may happen to be on board. This stroke seldom fails, and insures the goodwill of the governor. Should there unfortunately be no ladies in the case, leave some necessary article on shore, and ask the captain just before

starting whether he requires it. You will thus have to be sent back again, and once on shore, you can remain until the tide is low.

IV. Never think of wearing any clothes left by another man; the idea is not only derogatory but disgusting. Say the old suit does not fit, and cannot be altered. While the new is being made always appear in a state of filth and semi-nudity. Make a point of standing during this period in a conspicuous position on the deck, especially if the governor has any lady friends coming to visit. They may, perhaps, be moved at the sight of your wretched condition. N.B. The old suit may come in handy for the winter.

V. Complain loudly of the hammocks; say the deck requires to be recaulked and the rigging renewed. Insist on an immense fire being kept up, and then say that the heat of the forecabin is so great that you have taken cold from going on deck.

VI. Never do any work after breakfast; it is not the custom on board yachts. Never carry any parcels; such work is only fit for porters, and by doing so you degrade yourself, and take bread from other men. Should you ever be sent on such an errand, you are entitled to take a fly at the governor's expense.

VII. Never row further than the nearest jetty. Should the governor be foolish enough to want to go elsewhere, tell him that there are plenty of boats to be hired, and inform the boatmen on shore, so that they may importune him. If you are obliged to row any distance break the oars or drop the crutches into the sea. When the governor directs you to meet him anywhere at a certain hour, never start till half an hour after the time—it is better that he should wait for you than you for him; should you ever arrive before him, inform him that you have been an hour waiting.

VIII. When you find yourself in a French port, or in any other place where it is difficult to procure hands, it is a mere matter of over-delicacy on your part to obey orders. Should any complaint be made, avow your readiness to leave at once, and try to persuade the rest of the crew to

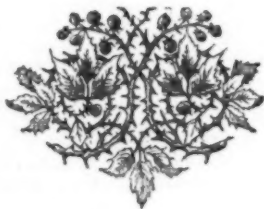
do so. This will bring the governor to his senses, especially if the men have just received their new clothes. If the vessel proceeds beyond the Channel demand double wages; it is the custom on board yachts. Inform the rest of the crew of this circumstance.

By following the above simple rules you will maintain the character of your order, and, at the same time, there will be little danger of your being unemployed, at least so long as the present system continues.

When I was leaving for Sark last summer, three men out of my crew were unable to render assistance in working the vessel. One of them asserted that he had sprained his wrist, and was unable to haul or coil; he had, however, full use of his tongue, and annoyed me with complaints about the captain, who, he said, had called him a 'growler.'

Another could nowhere be found until the last moment, when he was discovered in a public-house. As the boat rowed him alongside, I heard him averring in most emphatic and, as he supposed, musical accents, 'I love but one, and only one,' and as he had met with his aunt or sister in every port we had visited, I, at once, formed my opinion as to his state. One man was necessarily told off to keep this faithful swain in his hammock and make him comfortable, and thus our crew was practically three hands short. We had, fortunately, a lovely passage; had it been otherwise, we might have been in difficulties, for the navigation about the Channel Islands is so intricate, and the channels between the rocks are in some places so narrow, that the greatest skill and readiness are required to avoid meeting with serious disasters.

A. G. L'E.



THE TREVILIANS' SUMMER TRIP, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

ROSE and Evelyn Trevilian sat under the trees on the lawn in front of their home, on a warm evening in July, each of them absorbed in a novel. They were very pretty girls, with clear, fresh complexions, fine teeth, dark hair, and honest grey eyes. At this time they were scarcely eighteen; and being twins, and very much alike, the good looks of each were reflected and heightened in the other, as it were, so that they generally received credit for a greater share than they actually possessed. Huntley Manor, their father's place, was in one of the southern counties; the house, a long, straggling mansion, had evidently been added to at many different times, and according to as many different tastes, and the effect was, perhaps, more picturesque than correct in an architectural point of view. It was absolutely covered with all sorts of creeping plants; the old walls modestly veiling themselves under a curtain of ivy, Virginia creeper, and roses, not to speak of a variety of perennial beauties.

An extensive lawn lay in front, dotted with fine old trees and brilliant flower-beds. At the back was the garden, kept up in the old style, with broad grassy walks, and close-clipped yew and box-trees; and there might be found an abundance of those dear old-fashioned flowers, so rarely to be met with in modern times, wall-flowers, stocks, sweet william, &c., &c., filling the air with their delicious fragrance. The river ran below a terrace at the bottom of the garden.

The girls sat quietly reading for a long time, undisturbed by any sound save that of bird and insect life; but at length a tall young man of about twenty-one appeared on the steps of the hall-door, and strolled leisurely towards them, lighting a cigar as he came; this was their eldest brother, Walter, who had taken brilliant honours at Oxford in April, and having rather injured his health by his exertions, he was at present, by the doctor's

advice, indulging in a long holiday before entering on the serious business of life. He was very tall, and extremely handsome, with the same frank, honest expression which characterised his sisters. The books were shut as he approached, and Rose jumped up to meet him.

'What a time you and papa have been over your wine,' said she; 'and pray what have you done with mamma?'

'She will be here directly; she has gone up to inspect the small fry in the nursery. But now, what do you think has been the subject of our conversation in the dining-room? You would give a good deal to know, I can tell you.'

'What was it? What was it?' cried both at once; 'anything interesting or exciting? Do tell us, Walter.'

'Come, attend to my little wants first, and give me my little comforts about me,' said he, in a would-be languid manner, 'and then we'll see what can be done for you.'

So he was pulled down into a comfortable chair, and a little rustic table drawn close for his elbow to rest on, and then his sisters knelt down on the grass at his feet, and begged for the desired information.

Some slow puffs of the cigar, and a twinkle of enjoyment at their evident curiosity, was the sole response for some minutes; but at last, after coaxing and shaking and hair-pulling had all been tried in vain, he relented, and began.

'Well, you really wish to know? You're sure you think it would be good for you to know?'

'Oh, go on, you tiresome creature!' said Evelyn. 'Yes, we wish to know, and it would be good for us to know; and what is more, we *must* know.'

'That about settles it, I suppose, so here goes. Well, my little dears, did you ever, in the whole course of your small existences, hear of a place called Spa?'

'Yes, of course,' said Evelyn; 'it is in France.'

'Oh! is it indeed? What do you say, Rose?'

'It is in Germany—in Prussia, I think,' said Rose.

'In Prussia, you think! Nice young ladies you both are! and I shall request Miss Hall to take you back into the schoolroom to pursue your geographical studies. Upon my word you don't deserve to go, for displaying such terrific ignorance. Spa is in Belgium.'

'To go!' cried both the girls, who had never left England in their lives; 'you don't mean to say there is any idea of our going there?'

'The parents and I are going, with the boys, and we thought of perhaps taking you,' said Walter, in a patronizing tone; 'but I really don't know that it will be my duty to advise it, under the circumstances.'

'To go abroad! Oh, just think of it! how delightful! But it can't be true. Here is mamma! now we shall know all about it.'

Mrs. Trevilian appeared with her work-basket at this moment; and her daughters rushing towards her, soon placed her in a comfortable chair, and assailed her with questions.

'Don't mind them, mother,' said Walter; 'when I asked them, just now, where Spa is, one said in Russia, and the other in India; so after that, of course they remain in the schoolroom, and Louisa and Constance can go instead.'

'That was truly shocking!' said Mrs. Trevilian, laughing. 'Well, girls, I suppose you are quite enchanted at the thought of a little trip?' And she proceeded to explain to them that their papa had been advised to drink the waters at Spa for a few weeks, and that it had been decided they should make up a family party and go together.

'When we leave Spa we shall go to Cologne, and let you see the Rhine, and then come home by Paris.'

By Paris! that was the crowning bliss of all, if any part of so entirely blissful a scheme could be said to be more so than another; and never was any piece of good news received with greater excitement and ecstasy.

Presently Charles, Arthur, and William, the three schoolboys, came in from a boating expedition, and were made aware of the intended trip. They were by no means so overjoyed as their sisters, for the river at home had great attractions for them; however, they were devoted to cricket also, and agreed that they would take their bats, and that it would be 'very jolly indeed.'

By-and-by it got too dark to remain any longer on the lawn; so they all adjourned to the lighted drawing-room for tea, where Mr. Trevilian was awaiting them with the two schoolroom young ladies, Louisa, a girl of sixteen, and Constance, three years younger, as well as their good old governess, Miss Hall, who had been with them ever since the twins were eight years old, and was much beloved by the whole family.

'How I envy you!' said Louisa, when she heard the news; 'but my turn will come some day, I suppose, won't it, papa?'

'That it shall, my love,' replied her father; 'but don't be impatient; you will find yourself grown up—well, quite grown up. I suppose I must say, and out of the schoolroom, only too soon—and then there will be foreign trips for you also.'

After tea, and a little music, and what promised at one time to be interminable questions and explanations, and consultations of Bradshaw and Murray, the happy party at last broke up. The two eldest girls, whose rooms opened into each other, lay long awake, talking or the coming pleasure, and, as a sort of perpetual chorus to their rejoicings, they remarked over and over again, 'How delightful that the Pagets are there; and how surprised they will be to see us!'

The Paget family were near neighbours at Huntley, and consisted of a father and mother, one son, a barrister, and one daughter, Ada, about a year older than the twins. They had come to that part of the world about two years before, to take possession of a small property left Mrs. Paget by a distant relation; and there was a great friend-

ship between the two families, and a particularly warm one between the young ladies.

In about three days all the necessary preparations for the journey were completed; and finally, on one of the loveliest afternoons of a very lovely season, Louisa and Constance were flying about amongst the flowerbeds, gathering bouquets for the departing travellers. Walter, with the three boys and most of the baggage, had already departed by an early train, as they wished to 'lionize' Dover; and, after innumerable adieus and promises of letters, the others now got under weigh. The girls had so very rarely left home before, that even at this sublime moment, tears almost came into their eyes as they looked back from the carriage windows at their sisters and Miss Hall, gazing wistfully after them at the hall-door, whilst the afternoon sun lighted up all the trees and flowers, in such a way that they thought the dear old place had never looked half so beautiful.

Dover was reached without any adventure, and Walter had secured rooms for the party in the Ship Hotel. He took his sisters out in the evening for a stroll on the beach, where the animation and novelty of the scene greatly delighted them. In the course of the walk, a hand was laid suddenly on Walter's shoulder, and a cheery voice called out,

'Why, Trevilian! can it be you?'

'Holloa, Granville!' was the reply, 'can it be you,—I may rather say; I heard you were off to Switzerland, and thought you were perched on some pinnacle of the Alps long ago.'

'Well, so I was; but you see, at Zermatt I met a very nice pleasant fellow, who had been doing all sorts of things; and we were to have done all sorts of other things together; however, he was suddenly summoned home; and, being a nice fellow, I thought I might as well have his company as long as possible, and so I came with him; but I am just starting again for the Tyrol, with an old Oxford don who is wild about the dolomite moun-

tains; a queer old fellow, but a good soul—Crossthwaite is his name.'

'Well, you are a queer fellow, I am sure,' said Walter, laughing. 'The idea of your flying about the world in such a way! But come on now, and let us overtake my sisters, and I will introduce you. You know Granville well by name, I am sure,' said he to them, as he presented his friend.

'Yes,' replied Rose, turning to Mr. Granville; 'your name is very familiar to us; it is surprising we have not met before.'

'I was always so unlucky as not to be able to go to Huntley when Trevilian asked me,' he answered; 'but I hope I may be more fortunate in future.'

'Come in and have tea with us,' said Walter, 'and be introduced to the heads of the house.'

So Mr. Granville accompanied them to the hotel, and was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Trevilian. On hearing that they were going to Spa, he tried hard to persuade them to change their plans, and proceed to Innsbruck instead; but this being pronounced impossible, and as he found the evening pass in a particularly pleasant manner, the volatile young man began to meditate an assault on Mr. Crossthwaite, to make him alter his plans, which, as Walter laughingly observed, 'was not likely; not if Mr. Crossthwaite knew it.'

However, to their great astonishment, when they all met on board the steamer next morning, it was announced that Mr. Crossthwaite had proved less obdurate than was expected, inasmuch as he had consented to a compromise, and would spend a week at Spa in the first place. Mrs. Trevilian and the girls felt rather shocked at young Granville's inconsiderateness in thus upsetting his friend's arrangements to gratify a whim of his own. However, nothing could be said, and Mr. Crossthwaite was duly introduced.

He was a man of five-and-forty, about the middle height, and very thin. His face was not handsome, by any means; but both talent and goodness were expressed in it. He

was beginning to be slightly bald about the forehead, and looked and felt decidedly shy and nervous at coming into the midst of so large a party, especially the lady portion thereof. But Mrs. Trevilian immediately took him in hand, with her usual kindness; and long before they reached Calais, her pleasant cordial manners had made him feel quite at home with her, at all events.

The passage was very calm, and none of them suffered from *mal de mer* except Barnes, the maid; and as she had, previous to starting, declared herself quite unassailable by any weakness of the sort, she had to submit to a considerable amount of 'chaff' from the boys during the rest of the excursion.

After a long and wearisome journey (at least so it appeared to the elders of the party, at any rate, the spirit of the younger members seeming to rise higher every hour) they reached Brussels, where as many as could found accommodation in the *Hôtel de Flandre*; but some of the gentlemen had to go elsewhere. The next day Walter and his friend and Mr. Crossthwaite went on to Spa to secure quarters, whilst the others remained for two days in order to see Brussels thoroughly. They went to Waterloo, of course, and visited cathedral, church, and museum, and began to lay in a stock of photographs. The shops looked very inviting, but as Paris was to be visited on the way home, any acquaintance with them, further than was to be gained from the outside of the windows, was strictly prohibited. On the third day they made their way to Spa, where Walter and the Pagets met them at the station and took them to the capital airy lodgings which they had been fortunate enough to secure. Walter and the two gentlemen establishing themselves comfortably at the *Hôtel d'Orange*. The Pagets had prepared tea for them in their rooms, and insisted on their all going there; and a most joyous meeting they had, Mr. Crossthwaite alone being too shy to join them. Edward Paget, who was by some people suspected of a secret weakness for Rose Trevilian, was

full of plans for riding-parties, picnics, and all sorts of 'jollity,' as he expressed it, whilst Mr. Granville became more and more strongly of opinion that the Tyrol was a decided bore, and that his companion must by all means be persuaded, if possible, to give it up and remain at Spa.

Next morning a great array of the little sure-footed Ardennes horses stood pawing outside the door of the Trevilians' lodgings. Mrs. Paget, who was very fond of riding, acted chaperone, and they had a famous canter over the moors, and at last alighted on a tempting spot, where some sat and others strolled as they felt inclined, enjoying the delicious air. Evelyn, observing that Mr. Crossthwaite kept apart and looked shy and uncomfortable, evidently feeling 'a fish out of water' in the midst of the large merry party, contrived, good-naturedly, to get near him, and began to talk to him, though terribly afraid to do so, on account of the fearful amount of learning of which she had heard so much. But she was agreeably surprised by finding that he not only condescended to converse with her, but that he used language perfectly intelligible to her, and talked in a most interesting way on interesting subjects. Evelyn was not only well educated, but was an extremely intelligent, well-informed girl, who had read a great deal, and remembered what she read. Mr. Crossthwaite was, therefore, equally surprised and pleased with her, for (owing, no doubt, to the limited number of his female acquaintance) he was accustomed to look on all ladies and their acquirements with a certain amount of contempt, a sentiment which it is to be hoped, for the credit of his sex, is shared by very few of them.

'I felt very sorry for you, Miss Evelyn,' said Mr. Granville, on the way home, 'when I saw you in the claws of the old fellow. Were you quite knocked down with words about a mile long?'

'Very much the contrary,' replied she: 'he really is a very pleasant man when he does talk. What a pity it is that he should be so silent generally.'

'Oh, poor fellow! he's a regular

bookworm, you know, and they never talk much: he is a sort of owl, who ought never to be seen except at night, and then only in connection with green spectacles and a shaded lamp and musty volumes of an appalling size.'

'Well,' said Evelyn, laughing, 'you see it is possible to behold him without such appendages. But what will he do without his books for two long months?'

'He will collect materials for one, that is what he will do. You know he's a great geologist, and I am sure the very sight of the dolomites will make him mad, and I'm very courageous to go with him, I consider. Not that he would have pluck enough to go dangerously mad, but he will fall into a mooning state, and take root on the Monte Cristallo, and refuse to leave it, to the despair of myself and his old mother, when she hears it.'

'Is his mother living still?' said Evelyn.

'Yes. I don't wonder at your asking, for he looks too old to possess such a relative; but, after all, he is only forty-five, you know, though he looks so much more. The fuss that he makes about her is something quite incredible, I assure you. She lives in a little cottage near Oxford, and of course he is there continually; and I really think he is animated—actually animated, when with her. It is too ridiculous the way he goes on about her.'

'How can you say so?' cried Evelyn; 'he can't be too attentive to his mother, surely.'

'Well, you see, I don't understand that sort of thing. Of course, I'm immensely fond of my mother; but I should never dream of putting myself to such worry and trouble on her account; and I am sure she would not expect it.'

Mr. Crossthwaite here rode up to Evelyn's other side, with a curious plant he had discovered; and they again got into conversation. She managed by degrees to bring his mother on the *tapis*, and watched with interest how his eyes brightened as he spoke of her. She could not help thinking that, in spite of Master Frank's external advantages,

his youth and good-looks and easy manners and careless good-temper, he was, in reality, a much inferior man to the plain, awkward, depressed individual beside her; the very fact of his being there, instead of amongst his beloved mountains, merely to gratify a whim of his companion's, showed an amount of self-denial of which the other was incapable. A few evenings after this they went to the Redoute, and visited the roulette and rouge et noir tables, and watched the bourgeois of the place enjoying their nightly dance in the *grande salle*. In the rooms they found many acquaintances, some just arrived, some just going, and they had a most lively evening. Rose and the Pagets seemed instinctively to fraternize; Granville had installed himself as Evelyn's especial friend from the first, and they got on famously together.

'Come, Trevilian,' said he to Walter, this evening, 'come and let us venture a few francs at roulette; you will come and look on, won't you?' he added, turning to Evelyn, 'and bring us good luck.'

'But isn't it very wicked?' said Evelyn, hesitating.

Both Walter and Granville laughed heartily.

'Not very,' said the latter. 'I can show you a most respectable old female who has been playing all night, and I'm sure she wouldn't do anything "wicked."'

So they went into the next room, and, after looking on for a little, the two young gentlemen put each down a five-franc piece, and won. This happened several times, and Evelyn grew excited. It happened that she had, fortunately, been saving her pocket-money for some time before she had heard of the foreign trip, so she was the happy possessor of twenty pounds, which was to be spent in Paris on all manner of beautiful presents for sisters and friends at home; and this idea was one of the chief pleasures she was looking forward to. It now occurred to her how delightful it would be if this twenty pounds would turn itself into forty pounds, in such a very easy manner

as Walter had doubled his francs; and, after various debates within herself, she could resist no longer.

'Will you put this down for me, please?' said she to Walter.

'That is right!' cried Granville. 'I am sure you will make a fortune in no time.'

Evelyn entered into all the excitement of the hour. At one time she had nearly doubled her money; when reverses began to set in. She would not give up, however, always confidently expecting to win everything back—till, after various vicissitudes of fortune, she saw her last coin swept away by the rake of the croupier. She tried to laugh and look indifferent; and Walter and Granville commended her pluck, and declared they would win all her money back for her; but her eyes filled with tears as she turned to find a seat, and, to her surprise and mortification, she saw that Mr. Cross-thwaite was standing close beside her.

'Here is a seat,' said he, bringing her to a sofa in a corner of the room. 'I am afraid you have been unlucky.'

Evelyn's eyes brimmed over: she was little more than a child as yet, and she could not find voice to reply. Her companion saw this, and, with wonderful tact for so learned a man, he immediately began to talk of indifferent topics not requiring an answer, until she regained her composure. When, however, she was fairly recovered, he brought the subject round again to the gaming-table, and she told him all her distress, which she never dreamt she would have been able to do, and tears sprang once more unbidden to her eyes.

'I feel truly sorry for your loss and disappointment,' said her friend. 'I know that it must be a great disappointment; but, you see, it does not do to play with fire and expect to come off without a burn. If I might venture to advise you, I should say, never put down so much as a franc again. The love of excitement is so subtle a thing: it takes possession of us in a way we could not believe beforehand. Were there no other evils connected with

it, there is something degrading—is there not?—in getting so excited about the acquisition of mere money.'

He grew very confidential in the course of the evening, and told Evelyn, to her great surprise, that his own love of gambling had been so strong in his youth that every consideration of duty and principle gave way to it, and no advice or remonstrance had the slightest effect on him until he fairly broke his father's heart, of whose sudden death he received intelligence one evening at Baden. 'I never thought I should tell that story to any one,' he concluded. 'You may imagine the anguish and remorse which made me old before my time, and which render me to this very day, I am quite aware, unlike other people. The very sight of a gambling-table fills me with horror, and I long to stop the hand of any young man or woman whom I see beginning to tamper with a temptation so fatal to me.'

Evelyn warmly thanked him for his advice, and assured him that nothing should ever induce her to do again as she had that evening done.

'I am very glad to hear you say so,' he answered; 'and not only that, but use all your influence with your brothers and friends, or any one in whom you are interested, to prevent them from running any risk from that terrible evil. Will you forgive my lecture?' he added, smiling and holding out his hand to say 'good-night,' as Walter and Granville came towards them. They, too, had been unlucky, and a shade was on the brow of the latter.

'That old fellow seems to be always dodging about and making a victim of you,' said he, impatiently, looking after Mr. Cross-thwaite as he left the room. 'I wish he would keep himself to himself, or you will vote me a dreadful bore for inflicting him upon you.'

'Oh! no, no,' cried Evelyn, 'I like him very much; he is very kind and good, and does not bore me at all.'

'Ah, that's all your good nature, any one must be bored with him.'

Hallo! here is all the world going away; let me get your shawl. Where is it?"

'Don't take the trouble,' said Evelyn, drily, for his tone jarred upon her. 'Walter, you will find it behind the second pillar on the right in the dancing-room.'

Granville turned on his heel in a pet, and went away by himself. His ill-humour was never of long duration, however, and next morning he had forgotten all about it, and came early to the Trevilians, full of plans for the day's amusement.

What with rides, and drives, and pic-nics, the time passed swiftly away, until at last one evening, on the return of the whole party from a long walk, Rose put her arms round Evelyn's neck when they got up to their own room, and hiding her face, said,

'Do you know, Edward Paget is talking to papa down stairs just now; what do you think it is about?'

'Aha!' cried Evelyn, laughing, 'so it has come about as I guessed. I am so glad. I like Mr. Paget very much; but oh! Rose, what shall I do without you?'

'Do without me!' said Rose, holding up her head. 'Why, you will have some one far better than me, for of course you and Mr. Granville will arrange it for the same day.'

Evelyn started violently.

'Mr. Granville and me! Oh! Rose, I never thought of such a thing, nor does he, I am quite sure. I don't like him the least in that way. We are like brother and sister, nothing more. Oh! I should never dream of marrying Mr. Granville.'

'Should you not?' said Rose, disappointed; 'I am sorry for that, he is so nice and so handsome; but never mind, some one else is sure to turn up before that, and we shall leave home together, and live near each other all our lives.'

Evelyn warmly embraced her sister, and tried to look as if she accepted her consolations, in order not to damp this new-born happiness. But she lay long awake that night, and shed some natural tears at the idea of the separation, and meditated on many things. She almost smiled

as she thought of Rose's suggestion as to Granville; she certainly looked upon him very much as she did upon Walter, and nothing more. But how was it that the face of Mr. Crossthwaite kept continually presenting itself before her mental vision, and different things he had said in the course of the many conversations they had now had together would come up in her mind? Could it be that she, a pretty, lively girl of eighteen, was about to fall in love with the plain, shy, elderly professor? No, she was *not* about to fall in love with him, for all unconsciously to herself she had already done so, and it was pretty certain that he would henceforth hold a place in her heart which no other man could ever hope to do; but as yet she did not know this.

So things went on as usual (except that Rose and Edward Paget were in a seventh heaven of bliss and contentment, and the parents on each side were greatly pleased with the engagement), till one morning that Mr. Crossthwaite took a long solitary walk by himself over the moors, making up his mind to some painful step evidently, judging by the expression of his face. That resolution was to tear himself away at once from the society of Evelyn.

Thinking over everything, he marvelled at his own folly in allowing himself to remain near her when he became aware of the danger of doing so—and came to a final decision amid many bitter thoughts of the contrast between them, and of his uncheered solitary life. But he looked as calm and composed as usual that night on entering the ball-room at the Redoute. It was Friday, on which evening there is what is called a dress ball, in which the visitors take part, and the Trevilians and Pagets were already there.

'This next dance is a stupid quadrille,' said Granville, coming up to Evelyn, 'and I am going to dance it with Miss Paget; but remember, you have promised me the next waltz. Oh! by Jove, there is that fellow Crossthwaite mooning into the room, and he will select you for his victim of course, as usual. Can't

I take you somewhere to escape him? Come into the next room.'

'No, thank you,' replied Evelyn, 'I have often told you that I find him very pleasant to talk to—I don't feel a victim in the least.'

'I can't understand that, and I don't believe you really think him agreeable. However, here he comes, and I'll be off if you are sure you won't be rescued. Au revoir! don't forget our waltz.'

'Are you going to dance?' said Mr. Crossthwaite, coming up and seating himself beside her.

'No,' said Evelyn, 'I have just been dancing, and I am going to rest.'

'Then we can have a little talk,' said he, with a smile; 'the last, I am afraid, for it is high time I was off to the Tyrol.'

A pang shot through Evelyn's heart as he said this, which revealed to her a great deal more of her own state of mind than she had previously known.

'Do you mean to go directly?' she said.

'To-morrow,' replied he; and at the word her heart died within, and she could not have found voice to make a remark, so it was fortunate he continued talking.

'To-morrow I mean to go. Just think what an idler I am. It is a whole month to-day since we came here, and it is almost too late now for the Tyrol.'

'If it is too late, then, you had better stay on here,' said Evelyn, with an attempt at a laugh.

'No, I think I shall go: Granville will not, of course. I should never expect him to leave all his amusements here.'

'What would you not expect Granville to do?' said the gentleman in question, as he passed where they sat.

'To leave Spa to-morrow,' replied his friend, smiling.

'To-morrow! surely not to-morrow?'

Granville felt he had behaved ill in detaining Mr. Crossthwaite so long, and that he could not in common civility let him go on by himself, so he stopped, and begged him to remain another week.

'You will persuade him, Miss

Evelyn, I know,' said he, as he was obliged to go away to dance. 'I shall leave him in your hands.'

Evelyn, thus commissioned, did her best, but Mr. Crossthwaite was perfectly firm and immovable in his determination.

'How obstinate you are,' said she at length, rather piqued, 'and how unpleasant we must all have been to you to make you so determined to leave.'

He looked at her, and there was a strange expression in his eyes which made her colour and turn her away.

'Miss Evelyn,' he said, gravely, 'I have been happy here, happier than I ever thought I should be, far happier than I had any right to be. I shall always look back at this time as the brightest part of my life; but it is time that all were ended. Dreams are pleasant things, but you know one must not always indulge in them, especially when they are utterly wild and useless. Good-bye now, you have been very kind to me; I shall never forget it—good-bye.'

He took her hand and held it firmly pressed for a moment in his own, and the next minute had abruptly left the room. Evelyn's thoughts were in a whirl that night when she got to her own room. A great joy thrilled her whole frame when she thought of Mr. Crossthwaite's looks and words, for were they not unmistakable? Did he not love her as she loved him? Yes, the conviction grew upon her more and more strongly. But about his going away to-morrow. Surely he would not go—he could not go—if he really cared for her. She felt that without him everything would be a blank, and if he loved her he must feel the same. At last she settled it in her own mind that he would not go, it was impossible: at any rate, she would see him in the morning, for his good-bye only meant good-night, of course; and then he would be sure to change his mind. And having come to this conclusion, she fell asleep, but not till the dawn of a glorious summer morning had begun to redden the eastern sky.

At breakfast time that day Walter and Granville came over from the hotel.

'Just think of it,' said the latter, 'the old fellow has gone off to the Tyrol by himself, early this morning.'

We must now skip over the rest of the visit to Spa and the trip to Cologne and the Rhine. About the end of September the Trevilians and Pagets had reached the Grand Hôtel in Paris, *en route* for home. The second day after their arrival, Mr. Granville went off by himself, somewhat suddenly, to England.

'I can tell you why he has gone, mamma,' whispered Rose to her mother, in a corner of the large public drawing-room where they were all sitting, and where much speculation had taken place on the subject. 'Evelyn refused him last night! Yes, it is quite true. I was sure something had happened, so I asked her, and she could not deny it.'

'Refused him, my dear!' said Mrs. Trevilian, all astonishment, for she had come to like Frank Granville, and to look upon him as almost as certain to be her son-in-law as young Paget. 'Are you quite sure?'

Rose *was* quite sure, and though a good deal surprised and disappointed, of course Mrs. Trevilian could say nothing whatever to her daughter about it—on such subjects she must judge for herself.

Poor Evelyn had a very different visit to Paris from what she had expected. Her lively companion was gone, and Rose, of course, much taken up and engrossed by her intended, and, besides that, she had her own secret, not guessed at by any one, and filling her with anxiety, joy, and doubt by turns. The day before they left, as she and her mother were walking in the Palais Royal, where the former had been making many purchases for the home party, she saw a familiar form in front of them, which made her heart leap, and Mrs. Trevilian immediately exclaimed, 'Dear me, there is Mr. Crossthwaite; we must stop him, and ask all about his adventures.' He was walking very quickly, however, and they did not

overtake him then; but he turned into the Grand Hôtel, and stood on the steps talking to some one till they came up, when Mrs. Trevilian spoke to him. He started violently at the sound of her voice, and coloured when he turned round and saw who was there.

'I thought you were at home by this time,' said he, confusedly, as if he hardly knew what he was saying.

'Come upstairs to our sitting-room,' said Mrs. Trevilian, 'and let us hear what you have been about.'

She led the way upstairs before he could make some excuse, which he seemed on the point of doing. He walked behind with Evelyn, determined not to speak to her; but catching sight of her face at a turning of the stair, and seeing how pale she was, he forgot his resolution.

'You have not been ill?' said he, in a low tone of such earnest anxiety that the delightful conviction that she was far from an object of indifference to him again impressed itself strongly upon her.

'Not at all, thank you,' she replied, in a voice which sounded cold and stiff from the effort she was making to conceal all emotion. 'We have been doing a good deal here, and I am rather tired, that is all.'

Nothing further passed between them; upstairs Mr. Trevilian, who had learned to like him extremely during the month at Spa, gave him a most cordial greeting, and pressed him to come and pay them a visit at Huntley, which, to Evelyn's mortification, he excused himself from doing, with many thanks, but with immovable firmness, saying that he was an old hermit, who never visited the haunts of men except during his summer holiday just over.

'Well, well,' said Mr. Trevilian at last, 'a wilful man must have his way. When do you cross the Channel?'

'To-morrow,' replied Mr. Crossthwaite, rising to take leave.

'Ah! then we shall at least perform the voyage together.' But they did not see him again till they were seated in the railway carriage, when he merely came up to bid

them good-bye, saying he was unavoidably detained till next day.

'Poor man! how terribly shy he is,' said Mrs. Trevilian; 'I hoped he had got over all that with us, but he seems as bad as ever again. I am sure it is mere shyness which keeps him from going with us now.'

'Oh! it is nothing else in the world,' said Mr. Trevilian; 'it is a thousand pities, for he is a very good fellow, and I have the greatest respect for him. I wish I could have got him to come to Huntley.'

Evelyn did not know how to account for this obstinate avoidance of her society, and once away from him, she harassed herself with inward questionings and doubtings. Surely he could not care for her, or how could he stay away from her—she must have made a foolish mistake—as if a learned man like him could really care for a girl like her! So Evelyn began to be very unhappy, and a great change in her appearance and spirits became evident to all the home circle. Her anxious mother began to think that she repented her refusal of Mr. Granville, and heartily wished that by some happy chance that youth would make his appearance again.

The winter went by much as usual. The weather was clear and bright and frosty—favourable for long walks. There was also a capital billiard-table, and a great box of books came from Mudie's every fortnight, so that there was no want of resources. In January Mr. Trevilian happened to pay a visit by himself at Sir William Graham's, a country neighbour of theirs. He arrived late, and, to his surprise, the first person he saw on taking his seat at dinner was Mr. Crosswaite opposite him. Next day they had a long walk together, and Mr. Trevilian reproached him for having refused all invitations to Huntley, whilst it appeared he could visit other friends.

'I know it must appear extremely uncivil and unaccountable to you,' he replied, 'and I am sorry to say I can only excuse myself by letting you see what an intense fool I have been.'

He then confided his secret to Mr. Trevilian, who was utterly

amazed, and much inclined to smile at the absurd idea; but, of course, repressed it, and told his friend how very grieved he was for him, but that he was sure his daughter had never given a thought to the subject.

'I know she has not,' was the reply. 'Do not think that I have been so insane as to have any hope; but you will understand how it is I cannot visit you.'

On his return home, Mr. Trevilian, of course, told his wife what had passed, and she was no less astonished than himself. 'Poor dear man!' said she; 'how could such a thing ever come into his head? I wish I might tell Evelyn, it would amuse her greatly; but of course it would not be fair.'

As spring advanced, young Paget began to be very impatient at being 'kept so long out of his wife,' and wrote pathetic accounts of his extreme misery and loneliness in London, which Rose, at any rate, fully believed to be in no ways exaggerated. However, Mr. Trevilian would not hear of the marriage taking place till the end of August, when Rose would be nineteen; and in the meantime it was fixed that the two girls should be introduced and go about a little in London together, which would be pleasant for both. A house was accordingly taken in Eaton Square, and the young ladies duly made their début. Rose's engagement was announced, but Evelyn met with many admirers, the more, perhaps, that she cared nothing at all about them. Mr. Granville also was in town, and established himself on something like his old footing. Early in July a great season of shopping set in, which both Rose and her mother seemed rather to enjoy than otherwise. Evelyn was too sad, both on account of her secret and also at the prospect of losing her sister, to take much interest in anything; and when young Granville proposed once more, and was decidedly refused, her mother was completely puzzled, and began to think that some terrible illness must be on the point of showing itself. The evening before they went down to Huntley, it being now within four

weeks of the wedding, Evelyn and her mother were sitting alone in the drawing-room, as the others had all gone to the Opera. A letter was brought in for Mrs. Trevilian from their neighbour, Lady Graham, who was at home. It said—

'We are in great distress here: our dear friend, Mr. Crossthwaite, is in the house dangerously ill; the doctors give us very little hope of him this evening.' Mrs. Trevilian read this paragraph aloud.

'How very sad,' she said; 'poor Mr. Crossthwaite! Evelyn, my dear child, what is the matter?'

Evelyn had started off her seat and stood staring at her mother, pale as death.

'Read it again,' she said—'Not dangerously ill—Oh! surely not that—I cannot bear it.'

Her mother rose and went to her.

'Evelyn, what is this? you astonish me—you cannot mean that you—that you—care for Mr. Crossthwaite, except as a friend?'

'I could die for him!' she said, vehemently.

'My dear child!' was all Mrs. Trevilian could say—she was so completely taken aback by this unexpected announcement.

'Had you any idea of this, Rose?' she asked of her other daughter, whom she took into her own room that night for a private conference.

'Well, I must confess I had begun to suspect something of the kind, mamma,' she replied, 'though I never dreamt of its being so serious; but what will you do? Surely you won't forbid it, since Evelyn is set on it. What will papa say?'

'Your father will be amazed, and I am sure he will disapprove—not that there is any objection to the man, except that he is too old, far too old, and then he is not at all suited to Evelyn—he is a regular old bachelor.'

'Oh! I think you are mistaken, mamma; Evelyn and he got on capitally; then you know he is not nearly so old as he looks. My only

objection to him is, that he wears such fearfully baggy coats.'

This made them both smile.

'As to that,' said Mrs. Trevilian, 'I suppose we could find him a good tailor; but, poor man, I forget how useless all our anxieties are likely to be; he is so very ill, and not expected to recover.' However, Mr. Crossthwaite did recover, contrary to all expectation.

Mr. Trevilian was quite as much surprised (and almost annoyed) as his wife expected. At first he refused to believe that it was anything but a mere fancy, and a very mistaken one, on Evelyn's part, but in the course of a week or two he modified his views and went over to see Mr. Crossthwaite. One day shortly afterwards that gentleman drove up in Sir William Graham's carriage, and after luncheon Evelyn and he walked in the garden together. Once more she saw those serious eyes turned on her with a look which was reserved for her of all the world, and which filled her with indescribable happiness.

'Evelyn,' said he, 'I must hear it from your own lips—I cannot realize it, or believe it as yet—is it possible that you can love me?' Evelyn's answer must have been very satisfactory, for Rose's wedding was immediately postponed, and on the last day of September the twins were married at the same time. Mr. and Mrs. Paget went to Italy, and Mr. and Mrs. Crossthwaite to Scotland; but there was a happy Christmas meeting at Huntley. The more they saw of Mr. Crossthwaite, the more did Mr. and Mrs. Trevilian repent of their first opposition to the marriage, and the more did their love and respect increase for their, at first, unwelcome son-in-law. In two years from that time Mr. Granville married Louisa Trevilian; and now Constance is the only daughter at home. That she may long remain there is the hearty wish of her parents; but one which we fear is not at all likely to be realized.



THE TERTIARY FORMATION

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Drawn by T. Norton.]

THE TREVILIANS' SUMMER TRIP.

"Design, what is this?"

[See the Story.]



Fragment of text from the adjacent page, visible in the right margin. The text is partially cut off and appears to be in a non-Latin script, possibly Chinese or Japanese, given the context of the image.



OXFORD, AND THE GRAND COMMEMORATION.

MY little brother Tommy has recently got an open scholarship at Oxford, which is, of course, rather gratifying to the family feelings, but at the same time is decidedly unflattering, as casting an unmerited slur on his elder brother, whose inherent modesty was averse to these paltry academical distinctions. For the short time that we were at a public school together, I was *Bobus major* and he was *Bobus minor*, and even then the head master, since elevated to the episcopal bench, used to draw unflattering distinctions between us. As that atrocious little brother of mine potted more marks than his big brother in examinations, Dr. Giggles was pleased to observe that it was a case of *multum in parvo* and *parvum in multo*. My name figured pretty freely on the tradesmen's books at Oxford,—little mementoes which it will take no end of time altogether to efface; while this objectionable younger brother had actually gained the public distinction of obtaining an open scholarship, and has been *proxime accessit* for a university prize. But it is time that the house of Bobus should look up in the world a bit; and I forgive Tommy his conduct, although I still think it low. He asked me to come down and spend last Commemoration.

moration with him; to come down, in point of fact, ten days before the Commemoration began, and to stay till it was over. The brother has got two very pretty sitting-rooms, overlooking the old quadrangle of Boniface, and he obtained the tutor's leave that one of them should be appropriated to myself. The tutor was ready to oblige an old pupil who kept his name on the books; but, with a vindictive recollection of my having screwed him up on a certain occasion, he gave utterance to some disparaging remarks on my bygone university career.

So I suddenly dropped from the clouds: and this is literally true, for I had a top story in the Temple, and found myself with brother Tom and his set. Previous to leaving town on this lengthened visit, I fastened a card on my door, which had often done duty before, bearing on it the unhistoric statement that I should be back in a quarter of an hour. The legal visitors who resorted to me were chiefly of an unpleasant kind, and I hoped that if they waited till the end of that indefinite fifteen minutes, they might endure a state of penal exasperation. I very much enjoyed finding myself with Tom and Blades and Gushington, and the rest of that lot. Tom had just gone in for Mods. (the little beast got a first), and Gushington, brother to the Honourable Impulsia, had just been ploughed. Blades had taken a brace of Firsts; but as his principles were not at all well established, and his conduct coincided with his principles, I took it upon me to inform Mr. Blades that the sharpest blades must cut their stick; to which he responded, that it was necessary that the authorities should first get a *handle*. Blades had given a famous answer to a noxious little examiner who had rather got his berth by a fluke, who had himself taken a weak degree, and acted weakly ever since. The little examiner had asked Blades some question which he had got out of Donaldson's 'Varronianus,' and put it in such a shady way, that he showed that he had failed to master Donaldson's idea. Blades transfixed the unhappy man with a stern ex-

pression of countenance, and mildly observed, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but I rather think that what you wished to ask me was something in this way;' and then propounded the question in its correct form. Didn't poor little Gush only wish he could do things in that style! But Gush, as I said, was ploughed, although we vehemently incited him to glory by the example of Adolphus Smalls, who triumphantly took his degree at Boniface a few years ago. This is a famous lyric, after Macaulay, well known at Boniface and other colleges; and as it has not travelled much beyond, I had better confer on it a little 'temporary immortality.'

'Adolphus Smalls of Boniface

*By the nine gods he swore
That as he had been ploughed three times
He would be ploughed no more.
By the nine gods he swore it,
And put on coaches three;
And many a livelong night he read
With spiced oak and towelled head
To get him his degree.*

'Now every hall and college

*Has seen the awful list
Of candidates to pass their Greats,
Which Smalls so oft has mislead.
Shame on the undergraduate
Who trembles for a plough,
When even Smalls of Boniface
Expects that he'll get through.*

'Now towards the schools the gownsmen

*Are pacing one and all,
From many a classic college,
From many a humble hall,
From many a lonely lodging,
Which, hid in a distant street,
From dens and dens to Oxford comes
Affords a safe retreat;*

'From legendary Christ Church,

*Where booms the far-famed bell
Heard by the hand of Walsey,
But when I cannot tell:
From classic quads of Balliol
Where third-floor men decry
The smoky roofs of Worcester
Fringing the western sky;*

'From the proud halls of Brasenose,

*Queen of the Isle wave,
Who trains her crew on beef and beer
Competitors to brave;
From Pembroke, where the classmen
Are few and far between;
From New Inn Hall, where such a thing
Has never yet been seen.*

'And thickly and more thickly

*Towards the five order gates
In cap and gown, flash through the town
White-shocked candidates.*

Shades of Christ Church ne'er before
In academics seen;
And Nobby of the collars high,
Girt with the scarf none else may tie;
Loud trouser'd Bloomer, stripes and all,
And whisker'd Tomkins from the hall
Of seedy Magdalene.

'There be four select examiners
The classes to decide,
And three by turn and turn about
Are sitting side by side.
Morning and eve the trio
Have turned the papers o'er,
Where gownsmen write in black and white
Such questions as they floor.

'Then Mr. Smalls of Boniface
Stood up his fate to meet;
Well known was he to all the three,
And they bade him take a seat.
Men say that he strange answers made
In his divinity,
And that strange words were in his prose,
Canine to a degree.

'But they called his vivâ voce fair,
And they said his books would do,
And native cheek, where facts were weak,
Got Smalls in triumph through.
So they gave him the testamur
That was a passman's right,
He was more than three examiners
Could plough from morn to night.

'And in each Oxford college,
In the dreary April days,
When undergraduates fresh from hall
Are gathering round the blaze;
When crusted port is opened,
And the moderator lit;
When the weed grows red in the freshman's
mouth,
And makes him turn to spit.

'When goes unlimited are forced
On some unhappy gull,
When victims doomed to mull their pass
Unconscious pass the mull;
With chaffing and with laughing
They still the tale renew,
How Smalls of Boniface went in,
And actually got through.'

The only fault that I know of in this parody is that it is too good, too close to the 'Lay of Horatius.' It was rather curious finding myself among all these fellows going in for their several examinations, and having myself no share or interest in the matter. It was a case of the *suave mari magno*, watching a storm from a rock, smoking a quiet cigar among a lot of unquiet people. It was rather curious, too, finding myself in Oxford after the lapse of a few years, and to observe the rapidity of

those changes which are always going on amid its ancient institutions. Curious also it was to meet little Figg, the jeweller, in the High, and to reflect that probably his legal representative in London might be hammering away at my oak up that five-flight in the Temple. I have always been suffering from what has been well called the prevalent Oxford disease, *tic-doloreux*. That kind of tic is very dolorous indeed. I had fondly hoped to have brought a blushing bride down to Oxford, when I should pay this Memorial visit to the seat of learning; to have won her sympathetic tear as I pointed out the schools where I was ruthlessly ploughed and her look of elated pride as I should show her that reach of the river where I helped to bump the next Torpid. But she preferred Tompkins, a man of no merit, on the coarse and feeble ground that he was able to offer her an establishment. I hear that Mrs. Tompkins is coming down this Commem., and I contemplate freezing her soul with my cutting politeness. How this last *lustrum* has changed the old place! The Union is enlarged, and the Broad is altered, and there are a lot of new buildings at Christ Church, and the chapel at Exeter is finished, and that lazy dog Hurst is Public Examiner, and a man who has been, or is going to be, Proctor is telling me about his engagement to his pretty cousin (this surely is an irregularity, and the Vice-Chancellor ought to look into it), and little brother Tommy has got a First at Mods. I dreamt the other night that I was going in for Smalls again, and was in a fearful funk because I could not recollect the second aorists of the irregular verbs. But I shall not bother myself either with troublesome dreams or troublesome realities. Let me take a draught of this familiar Oxford ale, which wise old Warton knew and loved and testified to its blessed effects—

Balm of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,
Hail, juice benignant!

I shall not have lived in vain, if I have accumulated wisdom for brother Tommy, and brother Tommy is cer-

tainly doing all he can to make this a jolly commemoration for himself and his friends.

An immense lot of people were coming. Impulsia Gushington, having explored the Oriental world, had determined to investigate the manners and customs of the Oxonians at home. On the never-to-be-forgotten day of the Commemoration she saw reason to declare that the customs were highly curious, but as for manners they had not got any. Country cousins were writing up from the most extreme parts of the kingdom, signifying their intention to attend, and their supreme pleasure that lodgings should forthwith be taken for them. All this was much easier said than done. You might take your lodgings six weeks beforehand, and even then terms were exorbitant; and when you came to the time itself, things were at famine prices. It was quite a study of human character to view the unblushing imperturbability with which astounding demands were made. The economical laws of supply and demand were exhibited with inflexible rigidity; and I repeatedly congratulated myself at the jovial quarters which brother Tommy gave me. It is satisfactory, however, to know that the most gigantic attempt at imposition proved to be either a comparative or a superlative failure. A certain tradesman in the High, of a keen speculating genius, hired the Corn Exchange and the Town Hall for Commemoration week, and had so little sense of fairness and kindly feeling, that he demanded what were almost prohibitive prices. The Freemasons determined not to put up with the imposition, and erected a temporary hall of their own, in which they gave a splendid entertainment, which I hope, among other good results, had a salutary moral effect on the mind of the speculator.

I do believe that it is the young ladies, more than anything, which keeps up in all its splendid vitality the institution of the Commemoration. Of course the little loves want to look at the places about which they have heard so much from their sweethearts and brothers. It would be interesting to have some well-

considered attempts to ascertain the love statistics of the Commemoration week. I can only say that the passion Amor, which some learned nosologists consider a disease, and classify in the *ordo febris*, ran an extensive course, lightly, and sometimes sincerely, although the severity of the symptoms was happily mitigated by the equally extensive prevalence of cool tankards. O, 'bowery loveliness' of walks of Magdalen! O winding shores and cool whispering wave of Isis and Cherwell! O shade of Fair Rosamond, hovering at Godstowe o'er still fairer roses of to-day's world! O groves of Nuneham and Bagley! ye have much to answer for. 'In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love;' but I don't think a young man is very particular as to dates, and all seasons come pretty much the same. If there is a special season, it is the early summer, when the Commemoration comes off at Oxford. The poet of the Oxford 'Harlequin,' a promising young contemporary, has seen the full measure of Oxford's extreme peril, and has thus raised a warning voice against it:

'Awake from your reverend slumbers,
Staid city of learning, arise!
Already around thee in numbers
Besiegers prepare a surprise!
Shake off your most classic of moozers,
One glance at your dangers to take;
The Graces have ousted the Muses—
Awake, Alma Mater, awake!

'Commem. is approaching, be waking!
Poor old dame! her false sons have betrayed her,
And already in hundreds are making
A truce with the lovely invader.
An army of beautiful Vandals
'Neath her reverend towers appear—
Hats for helmets, balmorals for sandals,
The silk parasol for the spear.

'They are coming with whispers and rustlings
And blushes and murmurs and sighs,
And dazlings of silks and book-muslin
And glances of ankles and eyes,
Kates, Emilys, Constances, Laureas,
Janas, Alicas, Annes, Isabels,
Marias, Fannys, Elizabeths, Floras,
Maggies, Carolines, Charlottes, and Belles;

'Young, elderly, stately, and mignon,
Petite and tall, blonde and brunette,
Bands, ringlets, *l'imperatrice*, *chignon*,
Flirt and blue-stocking, prude and coquette.

The girls who've a neat foot and show it,
The girls who will wait and won't,
The girls who are pretty and know it,
The girls who are pretty and don't.

'Old walls, you will ring with sweet laughter;
Grey stones, you will echo light feet,
And every black worm-eaten rafter
Will have its love-tale to repeat.
Dieu garde! 'tis an awful invasion!
May the powers to whom bachelors pray
Keep us heart-whole from now to vacation,
And send us in safety away!'

But the warning voice was raised,
Cassandra-like, in vain. The lovely

troops of the beautiful army came;
they poured into the heart of the
university; they seized the ad-
vanced posts; they stormed the old
quadrangles; they completed the
work of subjugation in a moment.
The Prussians pouring into Saxony
and Hanover were as nothing to it.
Hapless brother Tommy fell in the
universal havoc; poor Tommy,
who cannot marry, on a moderate
calculation, for about fifteen years;
and as for myself, a long series of
successful competitors effaced the



recollection of the unworthy being
who had smiled on Tompkins.

Up to the Saturday it was pre-
sumed that academic matters would
continue with their wonted gravity.
But it didn't do. The business of
collections and examinations was
shamefully huddled up. A few men
had impositions set them, and some
were told to attend every day in the
hall. Such sentences were received
with beaming looks of cheerful satis-
faction. The imposition was simply

a joke, illustrious for its antiquity,
and attendance in hall simply meant
the extensive feeding and wineing
which was to come off there during
the ensuing week. As Saturday
approached, these playful, inter-
mittent attempts at academic em-
ployment were discontinued, and it
became clearly understood that the
only serious work before the uni-
versity was to keep the Commemo-
ration according to its own high and
renowned standard of enjoyment.

I think I said that all examinations were over on the Saturday. The mighty Blades, however, informed his friends that it was his intention to set them an examination paper on Monday morning, directly after breakfast, if they would come and breakfast with him on that day. Miss Impulsia Gushington lisped that it was a dreadful shame. But Gush grinned and said that he and a lot of fellows would be very glad to eat Blades' breakfast and to settle down into Blades' examination paper. Impulsia wanted to know if it would be a real examination. Blades said it would; a very real and a very stiff sort of thing, knowing that Gush would hardly be inclined to act as an amateur in an examination. What was to be the reward of the man who should floor the paper, or go nearest to flooring the paper? Blades had not thought of that. Impulsia suggested a pair of gloves. Blades said he didn't so much mind, only the gloves must be boxing-gloves. So it was settled that Blades' examination was to come off on Monday morning directly after the breakfast, and that Blades was to present a pair of boxing-gloves to the candidate who should secure the highest number of marks.

Blades' breakfast was a very good one; his breakfasts always were very good. I chiefly remember it on account of the keen mental agony which Blades inflicted on his scout on this occasion. The rascal fully deserved it. He was most negligent in his services; not particularly sober, nor yet particularly honest. I remember a trick the rascal served me in my own time. A number of men happened to drop in upon me one winter evening, and

I sent him out to mull some wine. The mulled wine not making its appearance, I searched for the scout, and found him in a helpless state of intoxication at the bottom of the staircase. Perquisites were very dear to the heart of Lumsden, the scout; and the perquisites of Blades' champagne breakfast would be very well worth having. But this morning a fiend, or a brace of fiends crossed Lumsden's path, in the shape of Long Stapleton and his dog. The Long'un had just invented a new and scientific way of knocking off the heads of bottles with a knife, with which he charmed the surrounding circle. Now Lumsden sold his bottles to the wine-merchant, and as he witnessed this lavish destruction of his own particular property, he rushed frantically into an adjacent pantry, and, producing a corkscrew, he implored the Long'un to use it; who, in reply, flung it at his head. Stapleton's dog, Snarleyow, was a peculiarly lean animal, possessing marvellous power of assimilating food. He could consume immense quantities of provender, but with no other visible effect than that he seemed to grow leaner. During the breakfast his master flung him a dish of kidneys, a few chops, a chicken, and half a quarter of lamb, and, unless Lumsden had cleared the cloth with much precipitation, the perquisites would have been very small indeed that morning.

Then quills, blotting-paper, and foolscap were served to each man, and, in solemn silence, Blades served out a printed examination paper to each man. The presence of a huge claret cup was the only item that detracted from the solemnity and regularity of the proceedings.

GRAND COMMEMORATION EXAMINATION.

June, 1866.

Subject.—Pickwick Papers.

E. BLADES }
T. BOBUS } à Coll. Bon. Fac. Examiners.

I. Explain the subjects of Natural and Archaeological Science referred to in Pickwick under the following heads:—

(1.) The Tittlebatian Theory.

- (2.) Examine the electrical studies of the scientific gentleman of Clifton, who detailed how a flash of fire danced before his eyes, and how he received a shock which stunned him for a full quarter of an hour.
- (3.) Investigate the inscription—

+
B I L S T
U M
P S H I
S. M.
A R K

And enumerate the eighteen different readings proposed.

II. Quote from any articles of the Eatonswill local press bearing on the subject of the parliamentary representation of boroughs. Compare the same with any of Mr. Lowe's speeches. You may illustrate with passages of parallel scurrility from the British weekly press.

III. Medical students, according to Mr. Pickwick, are 'very fine fellows, with judgments matured by observation and reflection, and tastes refined by reading and study.' Examine this statement with reference to the biographies of Mr. Benjamin Allen and Mr. Bob Sawyer. Explain etymologically the term 'Sawbones.'

IV. Trace the origin, rise, and progress of Mr. Winkle's attachment to Arabella Allen. Is she the same person as Barbara Allen? and give reasons for your opinion.

V. Give the substance of the monthly Report of the Committee of the Brick Lane branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association. You need not quote the instances, if anything less absurd occurs to you in the teetotal press of the present day.

VI. Mention the geographical position (with latitude and longitude) of Mr. Jingle's country mansion, Nohall, Nowhere.

VII. Examine the arguments of Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, in the great case of Bardell *versus* Pickwick. Give any account of any racy trial of breach of promise case of which you have heard or been concerned in.

VIII. Do you spell the name of Sam Weller with a V or a W? and give reasons for the orthography.

IX. To whom are the following sentences to be referred?—and give the context of the passages quoted:—

- a. 'Sudden disappearance—talk of the whole city—search made everywhere—without success—public fountain in the great square suddenly ceased playing—weeks elapsed—still a stoppage—workmen employed to clean it—water drawn off—father-in-law discovered sticking head first in the main-pipe, with a full confession in his right boot.'
- β. 'Peek, Christian name; Weeks, surname: good, ver good. Peek Weeks. How you do, Weeks?'
- γ. 'If ever you gets to up'ards o' fifty, and feels disposed to go a-marryin' anybody—no matter who—jist you shut yourself up in your own room, if you've got one, and pison yourself off-hand. Hangin's vulgar; so dont you have nothin' to say to that.'
- δ. 'I said I had pledged my word as a gentleman to skin him. My character was at stake. I had no alternative. As an officer in his Majesty's service I was bound to skin him. I regretted the necessity; but it must be done. He was open to conviction. He saw that the rules of the service were imperative. He fled.'

X. Examine the doctrine of 'priory 'tachment.'

XI. *Wellerianæ voces*. State the words of the young nobleman when he was put on the pension-list because an ancestor had lit the king's pipe with a portable tinder-box;—of the cats' meat man when the housemaid

called him no gentleman;—of the soldier when he was ordered three hundred lashes;—of Blue Beard's domestic chaplain, when he buried him with a sigh of pity;—of the Polar bear when he was practising his skating;—of the young gentleman to the fractious periwinkle;—of the Lord Mayor, when the Chief Secretary o' State proposed his missis's health arter dinner.'

Tom got the boxing-gloves. He answered every question. At least he impinged on every question, and took the prize; a frequent trick of the little beast's. The other well-known features of the Commemoration were not so original as the examination in 'Pickwick,' but a deal pleasanter. Even every boat failed to capsize during the Procession of Boats, to the great annoyance of young ladies, who look interesting when they scream, and, I believe, to Letitia's disappointment, who would rather have liked the novelty of seeing a man drowned. There is a good deal about Letitia that reminds one of the Roman maiden putting her thumb down and relentlessly dooming the vanquished gladiator. There were pic-nics to Nuneham and Blenheim, concerts, dances, and all the authorized saturnalia of the season. As an Anglo-Latin poet observes—

'Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda Town Hall; nunc elegantioribus
Ornare the tables of colleges
Tempus erat spreadibus sodales.'

We had a variation of drinks which would have done credit to an American bar. There was a good deal of expensive shopping with fair cousins, who naturally wanted memorials of Oxford, not to mention some quiet Van John with their brothers in the evenings. Things have changed from the simplicity of the days of *Terræ Filius*, who says,

'Being of age to play the fool,
With muckle glee I left our school
At Hoxton.
And mounted on an easy pad,
Rode with my mother and my dad,
To Oxon.'

But the usual scene at the theatre must not be pretermitted, the theatre built by the worthy Archbishop Sheldon, who himself never set eyes upon it. It has been often described, and the unveiled reader

might fancy that the description could be stereotyped once for all. But, in reality, each Commemoration has its own *differentia*. This year had its hero. One year had Alfred Tennyson, another had Lord Derby, another Kingsley, another Mr. Disraeli. This year also had its hero—the Man in the White Coat. Arise, O Muse, and sing the Man in the White Coat. Art, also, in these unvarnished pages, has sought to depict the hour and the man. For the day came, and the mighty multitude gathered to the theatre. The area was thronged; above them were the ladies in their bright and gorgeous parterres, and in the Olympian heights were the undergraduates. And among the throng in the area came the Man in the White Coat. As when, incautious, you touch some vicious black and tan terrier, and it yells its little heart out at the insult; or as a red handkerchief dangled before an infuriated bull, maddens still more the noble beast, so did that obfusc coat stir to its inmost depths the undergraduate soul. Yes, the white-coated man in the gallery hissed vehemently and vociferously the white-coated man in the area. It is their prescriptive right. The undergraduate cap and gown may carry off any gay hues, but woe to the bad taste which exhibits a white hat or a light-coloured coat in the area. The vortex of popular fury was in this instance concentrated upon one unpopular individual. When the white coat was simply an overcoat, it was easily removeable; but in the case of the unhappy being who had no other, it seemed to be equally an offence against popular passions to keep the garment on or to take it off. The poor hunted man tried to hide himself, retreating into this and that corner of the area; but his hateful presence could not be concealed, and he was everywhere received with

hurricanes of shrieks. One compassionate undergraduate from the gallery proffered the use of a cap and gown, but of this the lonely one did not avail himself. However, a touching advertisement appeared in a local paper next week, heartily thanking the intending lender of the academical garb. At eleven the Vice-Chancellor took his seat with the proctors, who received a good deal of hissing, and it was hoped that there might be a lull in the tempest. A little good humour was produced by an absurd proposal to give three cheers for 'Thorley's Food for Cattle.' An attempt was made to proceed to the regular business of the day, but it was impossible while the 'white coat' still polluted the region with his presence. At last the unhappy man, pursued with yells of hate, fled from the theatre, using gestures expressive of indignation and dismay. I believe, however, that he subsequently made his appearance once more in a quieter garb, and that he was able to enjoy the rest of the proceedings, in the earlier part of which he had so prominently taken share.

He was certainly the lion of the day, much more so than any of the 'illustrious strangers' who received the honorary degree. The undergraduates did not recognise many of them, and demanded 'Who is he?' 'Where did he come from?' apparently ignorant that Sir James Simpson discovered chloroform, that Professor Thompson is perhaps the greatest electrician of the age, that Dr. Hooker, of Kew, is one of our most distinguished naturalists. They know something, however, about Professor Phillips, as he happens to live at Oxford, and something about Mr. Merivale, because he has a great deal to do with Roman history. It is not to be expected, however, and not desirable, that the youthful undergraduates should know all about the great lights of modern science. They may be proud of their ignorance, and they have certainly a great deal to be proud of. They were much more at home in cheering the ladies, the ladies in 'white,' 'blue,'

'pink,' 'green,' 'black,' 'red,' 'mauve,' 'violet.' They were all cheered, many of them many times over. The political chiefs of the day, who generally receive great attention, were subordinate to the ladies.

There are two sorts of amusements during the Commemoration, which respectively best suit the younger and the old—the loud amusements of balls and theatricals, and the quieter pursuits of exploring libraries and galleries. I have had my share among shooting stars and glorious Apollos, and I am now rather beginning to moon among the books, and to show other signs of premature decrepitude. Blades and Gushington were thoroughly absorbed in private theatricals, which cropped up during this Commemoration to an extent hardly within previous collegiate remembrance. I noticed that Gush insisted that whenever a scene at an inn was produced, and such scenes occur pretty frequently, there should be real wineing and no make-believe; and it was noticed that such scenes were generally protracted beyond other portions of the entertainment. But the men were very impartial in giving a due share of attention to all the amusements, and the ladies were not a whit behind, affording, in fact, some little reason for Pope's unkind cut that each one of them is a rake at heart. The subject is full of awe and wonder; how a languid being, who in a general sort of way is ordered chicken-broth and carriage exercise, can perform during Commemoration an amount of feats which would tax the energies and endurance of a prizefighter. There is little Letitia Grant, for instance, who goes in for being rather delicate. She was at the Christ Church ball on Tuesday night, and danced away 'till the breath of the morning stirred, and the planet of love was on high.' It was about five o'clock in the morning when she and old Lady Grant went away, and by ten o'clock she was as fresh as a daisy at the Sheldonian, with the slightest dash of dew on her gloves from the pelting rain outside. Then she made a very creditable lunch in hall, and seemed to have a very

good notion of lobster salad and Moselle cup. Afterwards she took her part in the promenade in New College Gardens in the afternoon for the masonic fête, and after a snug little dinner in rooms, where she was good enough after coffee to sing us some charming songs, being doubtful whether she should patronise the Shooting Stars in Alfred Street, or go to the ball at the Clarendon Hotel, she happily compromised the matter by attending both. The pace is terrific, and little Letitia will become delicate in real earnest if she does not take care. Extensive flirting ought to be enumerated either among her amusements or her serious occupations. She is good enough to honour me with a certain amount of intimacy, and to bestow little confidences, of which I hope I am not altogether unworthy. But Letitia is a dangerous character, and ought to be abolished. She whispered to me that Jenkins of Exeter had proposed to her when they had gone over with a party to Cumnor, and they had grown pathetic together about the sorrows of Amy Robsart. She had accepted him, she said; he was such a nice man, and had such nice principles. I congratulated her. Jenkins is rather a spoony poetical sort of fellow, but there is no harm in him. By-and-by she told me that an Oriel man, of extremely solvent parentage, had also proposed to her in the intervals of a dance. 'And what did you say to him, Letitia?' I inquired. Letitia responded that she had, furthermore, accepted the Oriel man. I pointed out to the young lady that she was placing herself in a position of some embarrassment. She admitted it, and in polished phraseology expressed her regret for the unfortunate concatenation of circumstances. I indicated to Letitia that her simplest and most obvious course was to fling over her present brace of accepted suitors, and accept her faithful and attached Bobus, who would see her safe out of her difficulties. Letitia only gave a satiric smile. There are no secrets between us, and she is unfortunately aware of my state of chronic impetuosity.

But I think there was other company and other scenes which I liked still better than these. That dear old lady, our good Dean's wife at home, and her quiet good girls were much more enjoyable people than Letitia. It was very pleasant to get out of the broad glare of the streets into the twilight gloom of cloisters, chapels, and libraries; to point to the shelves groaning, as Gibbon says, under Benedictine editions; to turn over illuminated missals; to examine the cups and croziers of Plantagenet reigns; to see the picturesque remnants of plate saved from the silver and gold melted down to serve the good cause of Charles I.; to look at the altarpieces of chapels and the heirlooms of portraits belonging to the Houses of Masters and Presidents; to show the stories of Arthurean romance emblazoned on the walls of the Union; to look over the old drawings of Raphael and the new glories of the pre-Raphaelite school; to pause, in quiet spots, amid the murmur of water and the rustling of boughs, to gather in the famous panoramic view of the fair city. Then these good girls had set their hearts on seeing certain things and places. They must behold that identical lantern which Guy Fawkes had in his hand when he was preparing to blow up the houses of Parliament, and they did see it; next they must see Dr. Pusey in the flesh, and convulsive efforts must be made to procure Dr. Pusey's autograph; they must view the Martyrs' memorial; they must see the new chapels of Exeter and Balliol; they must go to Brasenose and see the rooms which Reginald Heber used to occupy. The girls were wild about Heber; and at first I was not certain whether the Martyrs' memorial had not had something to do with him, and whether he might not have been burnt alive under Philip and Mary. But it seems it was not so very long ago since he was at Oxford; the Dean's wife recollected him very perfectly. Talk about a man like Heber lets a fellow down a bit. He was no older than I was when he was famous and doing a world of good; I do not

care about the fame, but it bothers me that I am not doing some good in the world, none even to myself. The Dean's wife also knew Dr. Routh, the last President of Magdalen, who survived to his hundredth year; they have his portrait in the gallery of the Bodleian (where we saw Guy Fawkes' lantern), taken when he was ninety-six. The Dean's people told me that old Routh used to know another old President who also lasted till nearly a hundred, and used to talk as familiarly of the later Caroline even as we ourselves could of the prospects of Reform and the chances of Liberals and Derbyites.

It was also interesting to observe the conflicting shades of character and the varying opinions among seniors and juniors. Alas! that the stern truth should obtrude itself upon my notice, that I am one of the seniors, and am fast developing symptoms of fogginess. I am bound to say that the fathers and that sort of heavy people behaved very well; there was a good deal of money to pay, and they paid very handsomely; getting the best of everything and plenty of the best. Yet the old fellows often spoke remorsefully, hinting at the chances they had thrown away; of the good things they had lost only by a fluke, and the decidedly inferior men who had become judges and bishops. The kind of elderly party who most enjoyed himself was the superannuation don, who had brought his girls from his country living to visit his boys at college. This kind of man had really taken from Oxford all that Oxford had to give him, and

now, with reasonable elation, he looked upon the scene of his old triumphs, and called upon his children to rejoice with him and follow in his footprints of success. Among all the fathers, of every sort and description, one discerned this element of parental anxiety working steadfastly and strongly; great anxiety also that the young ones should avoid the snares and perils that beset them, and on which they themselves had made some sort of shipwreck. This feeling, though subdued and kept in the background, was constantly peeping out during the Commemoration, and was showing itself in tender manifestations. Through the subtle influence of association, this feeling even affected myself, and having no offspring, I concentrated any parental solicitudes I could command on my little brother Tommy. I was really very glad to see Tommy, even in the midst of the festivities of the Commemoration week, plunging into the new edition of Grant's 'Ethics of Aristotle,' and then holding a prolonged conversation with a small Balliol man, on the Unconditioned and the Unknowable. It was all the unknowable to me, and no mistake. It is no fault of Tommy's, I reflected to myself, that Nature, while giving me a good profile and abundant hair, has, in Tommy's case, devoted greater attention to the interior lining and furniture of the human skull. As I said at the beginning, I forgive little Tommy, and hope he will do something—and indeed it wants it sadly—towards raising the intellectual reputation, now at a low ebb, of the house of Bobus.



MANSION HOUSE HOSPITALITIES.

A GOOD many people are apt to suppose that the life of the Lord Mayor of London is one continued round of feasting, a year of perpetual turtle and champagne. That is an error; but even if the supposition were correct, the life of a hospitable Lord Mayor would be sufficiently arduous. Let any master or mistress of a household realize to himself or herself, if he or she can, an unceasing round of parties—say only for a single week. Imagine what it would be to have to give a grand dinner-party every day, with a reception to follow. Take the most favourable view of the matter, and say that you have servants to look after everything—a secretary to send out the invitations and arrange the guests at table; an experienced *chef* to superintend the culinary department; a trustworthy and judicious butler to dispense the wine, and a well-drilled staff of footmen to wait at table. Possessing all these advantages, in addition to abundant means, you have still a vast deal of labour to go through. Indeed you have all the labour of one of your most hardly worked servants, plus responsibility and anxiety. You have to dress and receive your guests, to preside at table, and use your best endeavours to promote the enjoyment of every individual at table; to be constantly on the watch to offer civilities and say pleasant things. Every one who has given a *grand* party knows how irksome is all this; how little he can enjoy *himself*; how relieved he feels when the last guest departs, and he is enabled to sit down and have a quiet half-hour before going to bed.

But the Lord Mayor of London is condemned to go through a whole year of such festivities, and at most of his dinners he is called upon to make on an average half a dozen speeches, frequently in the presence of the most illustrious personages and greatest orators of the day. Some idea of the festive duties of the Lord Mayor of London may be gathered from the fact, that he is

expected, as a matter of duty, to entertain at dinner during his year of office 4000 persons. Amongst the various public bodies invited to special banquets may be mentioned Her Majesty's Ministers, the Bench of Bishops, the Judges, the Aldermen and Sheriffs, the members of the Common Council, &c. In addition to these, about 1000 private persons are entertained at lunch, at dinner, and at evening parties.

The festivities of each new Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress begin in the month of November with the grand banquet in the Guildhall; and it may be said that they never cease until the 8th of November of the following year, when the retiring majesty of the City gives a farewell entertainment to his immediate friends. Lord Mayors' feasts have always been famous for their magnificence and prodigality. The banquet given on the 9th of November last year by the present much-esteemed occupant of the civic chair, cost no less a sum than 1639*l*. The whole expenses of the day, including the charges for the procession, amounted to 3102*l*. 14*s*. 4*d*. Some of the items are startling. For example, the gas fittings for the occasion cost 105*l*., and the gas—for one evening—100*l*. Here are a few other curious items from the bill—

	£	s.	d.
Bellringers at churches . . .	21	0	0
Gold pens and pencil-cases for chairman and secretary of Lord Mayor's committee . . .	9	15	0
Refreshments for troops, police, &c.	63	0	0
Decorating Ludgate Hill . . .	40	0	0
Music in Hall	50	19	0
Music in streets	100	0	0
Printing dinner tickets	25	0	0

It is interesting to compare a Lord Mayor's bill of expenses of the present day with one 'delivered' in the last century. The following is copied from a MS. account of the charges incurred by the Lord Mayor in 1792:—

'Lord Mayor's dress, two wigs, 9*l*. 9*s*.; a velvet suit, 54*l*. 8*s*.; other clothes, 117*l*. 13*s*. 4*d*.; hats and

hose, 9*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*; a scarlet robe, 14*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*; a velvet ditto, 12*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*; a gold chain, 63*l.*; steel buckles, 5*l.* 5*s.*; a steel sword, 6*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*; hair dressing, 16*l.* 16*s.* 11*d.* Total for the personal adornment of the Lord Mayor, 309*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.*

The following will be interesting to the ladies:—

'Lady Mayoress's dress—A hoop, 2*l.* 16*s.*; point ruffles, 12*l.* 12*s.*; tulle blonde ditto, 7*l.* 7*s.*; blonde handkerchief, 6*l.* 6*s.*; a fan, 3*l.* 3*s.*; a capp and lappets, 7*l.*; hair ornaments, 34*l.*; a cloak and sundries, 26*l.* 17*s.*; a capp, 7*l.* 18*s.*; a silk gown for the 9th of November at 3*l.* guineas a yard, 41*l.* 6*s.*; a petticoat (Madame Beavais), 35*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*; a gold chain, 57*l.* 15*s.*; silver silk, 13*l.*; clouded sattin, 5*l.* 10*s.*; a petticoat for Easter, 29*l.* 1*s.*; hair dressing, &c., 13*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.* Total for the personal adornment of the Lady Mayoress, 416*l.* 4*s.* The servants' dresses came to 724*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* The wine for this year cost 1309*l.* 12*s.* 10*d.* The wine most in favour seems to have been port, of which 8 pipes were consumed. Of hock only 35 dozen were drunk, and of champagne 40 dozen. The quantity of wine consumed now-a-days is probably about four times as much as it was then; not that the modern cits are heavier drinkers, but civic hospitalities take a wider range.

One of the first items that meets the eye in the bill of fare of the Guildhall banquet of last year, 1865, is as follows—'250 tureens of real turtle.'

Let us go back to Elizabeth's reign for a contrast.

	s.	d.
8 stone of beef, at 8 <i>d.</i> a stone, and		
a sirloin	5	4
2 collars of brawn	1	0
A hind-quarter of veal	0	10
A leg of mutton	0	5
6 pullets	1	0
4 couple of rabbits	1	8
4 brace of partridges	2	0
1 barrel of strong beer	2	6
2 gallons of white wine	2	0

The whole cost of the provisions for this civic banquet amounted to 1*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.* But, of course, money was of much greater value in those days. Oranges must have been an

expensive luxury in Queen Elizabeth's time, yet in this bill six oranges are charged only 'two-pence.'

It might be interesting also to contrast the civic oratory of the two periods we now have in view, viz., those of Elizabeth and Victoria. For the graceful and courtly speeches delivered by Lord Mayor Phillips on many occasions during the present year we must refer the reader to the newspapers. For a specimen of Elizabethan oratory, we dig the following from the pages of Hone. It was delivered by Mr. John Martyn, a wealthy and honest man of Norwich:—

'Maister Mayor of Norwich, and it please your worship, you have feasted us like a king. God bless the Queen's grace. We have fed plentifully, and now, whilom I can speak plain English, I heartily thank you, Maister Mayor, and so do we all. Answer, boys, answer! Your beer is pleasant and potent, and will soon catch us by the caput and stop our manners, and so huzza for the Queen's majesty's grace and all her bonny-brow'd dames of honour. Huzza for Maister Mayor and our good dame Mayoress! His noble grace' (the Duke of Norfolk), 'there he is, God bless him, and all this jolly company. To all our friends round country who have a penny in their purse and an English heart in their bodies, to keep out Spanish dons and papists with their faggots to burn our whiskers. Shove it about, twirl your cup-cases, handle your jugs, and huzza for Maister Mayor and his brethren your worships!'

It is very evident, we think, that the beer had caught Maister John Martyn by the caput already.

Until the beginning of the present century the City feasts combined a good deal of the barbaric with the magnificent and prodigal, and the cits were rather apt to finish up with a debauch. Drunkenness was no great offence—indeed, was rather a fashionable vice, down to the days of the Regency. 'Even within the Guildhall,' we are told, the gentlemen guests of the last century got 'glorious.' At Brasse Crosby's dinner,

in 1770, a great number of young fellows, after dinner was over, being heated with liquor, got upon the hustings, and because they were not supplied with wine, broke all the bottles and glasses within their reach. At this time the court and ministry were out of favour in the City, and till the year 1776 no member of the Government received an invitation to dine at the Guildhall. The last dinner of the last century was a remarkable one. The outgoing and incoming mayors were jovial fellows and especial lovers of good tobacco. This is said to have been the only dinner at which smoking was allowed; and when the two mayors lit their pipes at the same candle, some wits who were of the company said it reminded them of the two kings of Brentford sniffing at the same nosegay.

In Queen Mary's time the City feasts had become so expensive, and the outlay so excessive, that a decree was passed to decrease the number of dishes, and to confine the dessert to simple hippocras and wafers. This decree, however, soon ceased to be in force, and the prodigality became greater than ever. One of the jolliest days ever passed in Guildhall was that on which George III. and Queen Charlotte, in the first year of their reign, dined with the new Lord Mayor. They had previously witnessed the show from Mr. Barclay's windows in Cheapside. 'The house was full of young Quakeresses; the king and his brothers kissed them all, and wonderful was the enjoyment, and the coyness and audacity, and the general fun of the thing. At the subsequent dinner the king and the royal family dined at a table apart, waited on by seven aldermen, like Nero with his wife and relations, tended by the obsequious senators to change their plates. Then the king, through the City crier, drank to the City of London, to music from Judas Maccabeus, and the Lord Mayor, from the bottom of the hall, drank to his royal guests, when the music immediately played the latter part of Mr. Handel's coronation anthem of God save the King. Then followed the grand ball, opened by

the frolicsome Duke of York, who in a minuet had the Lady Mayoress for a partner. The royal family did not take their departure until one o'clock in the morning, by which time the state coachman had got so drunk that he nearly upset the royal chariot in dashing through the gateway of St. James's.'

A very gorgeous feast was given in the Guildhall to Lord Nelson in 1801; but the greatest magnificence was undoubtedly attained when the City entertained her present most gracious Majesty on her accession in 1837. The centre of the Queen's table consisted of a splendid plateau of looking-glass, richly gilt in ornolu. Exactly opposite to the royal seat set apart for her Majesty was a circular ornament of twelve small golden lions, surmounted by four allegorical figures wearing the four collars of the orders of Great Britain, and supporting a crimson velvet cushion, whereon was placed a small diadem studded with jewels, together with the whole coronation regalia of England; directly under the latter, upon a square tablet of cerulean blue, between the two figures in front of the chair, was a circle of diamonds upon rays of gold, composing the word 'Victoria.' In the centre of this circle were the new arms of England, enamelled in white and gold; at the four corners were the stars of the order of the Garter, of St. Patrick, the Thistle, and the Bath. On the opposite side, between the two figures, was the circular motto, *Domine dirige nos*, and in the centre the arms of the City. Upon each side of the pedestal was a golden wreath, with the names of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs. The gold plate for the royal table was furnished by Emanuel Brothers (then of Bevis Marks), and comprised a magnificent epergne supported by figures of the three graces, on sphinx pedestals surrounded by a wreath of vine and oak leaves. On either side were two massive candelabra on which the royal arms were displayed in burnished gold. The soup and sauce tureens, cellarets, dishes and covers, were all of gold. The Queen's dessert service comprised

twenty-three gold dishes of the richest design. The whole of the gold and silver plate belonging to the City companies was used at this feast, and probably on no occasion, either before or since, has any table been so gorgeously and expensively furnished. And yet there was a lingering touch of barbarism about the feast; for while gold and silver and precious stones were heaped upon the tables in reckless profusion, some of the gold plates were flanked by steel forks!

In former times, civic hospitalities, though magnificent enough, were somewhat rough and rude. The era of refinement may be said to date from the erection of the present Mansion House in 1740. Previous to that date the Lord Mayors dispensed their hospitality out of doors at the Guildhall and other places, where, their feasts being of a public character, the restraints of private society were not always scrupulously observed. But when the Mansion House was built and furnished, the chief magistrate held state in his own palace, and much of his hospitality began to assume a private and domestic character.

The Mansion House, where so many elegant entertainments are now given, is indeed worthy to be called a palace. Blocked in as it is among a mass of business houses in the very thick of the City, the building, in its outward aspect, gives no idea of the magnificence of the apartments within. The first stone of the building was laid in 1739, and the whole was completed and furnished in the mayoralty of Sir Crisp Gascoigne, who was the first Lord Mayor who resided in it. The style of the interior is Italian, with a lofty court in the centre, leading to the various state apartments, two of the principal being known as the Venetian Parlour and the Egyptian Hall. The latter is one of the finest apartments, as regards its proportions and strictly classical style, to be found in all Europe. It was called the Egyptian Hall because in its construction it exactly corresponds with the Egyptian Hall described by Vitruvius. The whole cost of building and fur-

nishing the Mansion House was 80,000*l*.

The elegance of Mansion House hospitalities of late years has done much to remove from the City magnates the old reproach of being a corporation of mere turtle and champagne guzzlers; and this improvement in civic manners has culminated this year in the reign of Lord Mayor Phillips, in a degree of dignified refinement which places the Mansion House on the same footing with the royal palace of the sovereign. Courtly etiquette is strictly observed at the Mansion House, and yet with a hearty affability which puts every one at his ease. The title of Merchant Prince has been well realized in Lord Mayor Phillips, at once in the magnificence of his entertainments and in his manners. As a speaker, the present Lord Mayor has held his own even by the side of the orators of Parliament, and in conjunction with the accomplished Lady Mayoress and their daughter, Mrs. Barnet, he has been able to give a welcome to distinguished foreigners in all the languages known to polite society. One of the most pleasing Mansion House entertainments of the present season was a juvenile ball given on the 21st of May. Like the fine old English gentleman, Lord Mayor Phillips,

‘While he feasted all the great,
He ne’er forgot the small.’

The Egyptian Hall never presented a more charming appearance than on this occasion, when it was filled almost exclusively with chubby-faced schoolboys and sylph-like maidens of from seven to blushing fifteen. There were nearly 900 of them altogether, sons and daughters of the citizens; and the Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress, and Mrs. Barnet were goodnatured enough to stand in the court for nearly three hours—one or other being always present—to give each individual guest a reception. The arrival of the juveniles at the grand entrance attracted a great crowd of spectators, who, though condemned to stand outside in the rain, were in a position to witness one of the most

picturesque features of this entertainment. It rained in torrents; and notwithstanding that an awning had been thrown over the balcony, the steps were puddled with water. This rendered it necessary that all the little fairies in white satin shoes should be lifted from their carriages and carried up the steps. This gallant duty was voluntarily performed by some big, goodnatured members of the City police force, against whose rough blue uniforms the dainty finery of the fairies stood out with striking effect. This scene would have made a capital picture, but it would require colour—the colour of the paint-box—to bring out the full force of the contrast. So our artist has chosen to depict the grand staircase as it appeared about half-past nine o'clock, when the juveniles were streaming up to

supper. There were nearly 900 guests, and the supper-room held only 220; so when the room was full, a bar was placed across the door, and the crowd upon the stairs had to wait their turn. In this way, following the rule of the street traffic, the whole of the guests passed on to supper in a continuous stream, and to the very last, by an almost magical arrangement of the servants, a fresh bottle of champagne, a fresh dish of fowl, lobster salad, &c., instantly replaced the wine and dishes that had been consumed.

It was a gracious thing in the Lady Mayoress to give the juvenile cits an opportunity of sharing in the hospitalities of the Mansion House, and her juvenile ball will long be remembered as one of the most elegant and graceful entertainments ever given in the City.

H.

A TALE OF ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND.



WHERE some do wrong, and some do write,
I quill-drive for my betters;
St. Martin's sees from morn to night
No poorer man of letters.

Three hundred thousand letters come,
Three hundred thousand go;
The quick rat-tat for me is dumb,
I've neither friend nor foe.

I deck my desk with fancy's forms,
Like all the other clerks;
When, lo! one day a voice informs,
'Here is a note from Berks!'

'Tis the address I first survey,
And then I scan the seal;
Impatience brooks no long delay,
'Tis from Sir Lemon Peel!

The office calls me long her own,
No kindly demonstration
Sir Lemon Peel to me has shown,
And yet he's my relation.

'Dear sir, your relatives you shun,
Consider all we feel;
Be kind enough to bring your gun,
Yours truly, Lemon Peel.'

My upper garment's near in rags,
That coat of every day;
A little nearer are my bags,
Those trousers old and grey.

My leave obtained, I rush insane
On thorns without the roses,
As fast as able for a cane,
And then I rush to Moses.

The shopman lavishes on me
A hail of honied smiles;
'You're in the nick of time to see
The sweetest thing in tiles!'

'Tile me no tiles—some dulcet vest—
Next fetch a coat of male,
Like other swells wear when they're drest,
Whereby there hangs a tail.'

'The coat for you is twelve and three,
And splendidly it sits;
The vest and trousers leave to me,
I guarantee they fits.'

Behind his ear he sticks a pen,
And then selects me togs,
Designed by Fate to please the men,
And terrify the dogs.

In time for dinner next I set
Full sail for Lemon Peel;
'I'm so delighted that we've met,
Will you take Miss O'Neill?'

Some whisper, 'He does look a gent,'
Between the soup and veal;
I gather what is kindly meant,
And look at Miss O'Neill.

When rustling step and closing door
Proclaim the ended meal,
And men say all they thought before,
I worship Miss O'Neill.

Soon, when Sir Lemon's weary guest
The friendly sheets conceal,
A happy vision cheers my rest,
I dream of Miss O'Neill.

Next morn I hear with pretty frown
Her say to Lord de Loop,
'You must not go and hit the brown,
You've not been through your hoop.'

Entranced I stand, how queer I feel,
The keeper calls in vain;
Oh! let me kneel to Miss O'Neill,
I'm sure it's going to rain.

But then they lead me such a dance,
There breaks no friendly storm;
Soon shouts the keeper, 'Now's your chance,
A hare upon her form.'

I stare five minutes ere I blaze,
To kill her is my aim;
But what—as William Shakspeare says—
'What is there in a name?'

'Well done!' the keeper bland observes,
'The weather's rather dark:—
A snub such love as mine deserves,
I am a shabby clerk.

As we come in, I long to dine,
Yet do not long for dinner;
Oh! how I wish that she was mine,
I am a hardened sinner.

Oh, bliss! 'tis I who take her down,
She wears such lovely flowers;
She asks me what I do in town—
How spend my leisure hours?

She talks so kindly through the fish,
So sweetly through the curry,
I hardly taste a single dish,
I am in such a flurry!

When, gone the apples, gone the cheese,
The ladies go away;
She says, 'I am a prisoner, please;
Do you make any stay?'

Later we dance; the giddy whiz
Does leave me nearly dead;
I think the second time it is
That she has turned my head!

But 'midst that whiz and 'midst that whirr,
I tell her all I feel;
I whisper that I'd live for her,
Or die for Miss O'Neill!

'From early morn I work all day,
Till gently falls the night;
My evenings are not very gay,
With scanty fire and light.

'Clerks who are swells treat me with scorn,
Shrug high, and say "Good heavens!"
Because I don't enjoy Cremorne,
And never go to Evans.



'I have no funds (they give me pain,
And cut me in the Park),
Only some little heart, and brain . . .
Sufficient for a clerk.'

The lady turns to blush a space,
As other maidens do;
Then sweetly looks into my face,
'I think your words are true.

'The uncouth coat, th' unpractised air,
Do not conceal the man;
I judge you not by what you wear,
Her falt'ring answer ran.

'The nobler aim, the better part,
The glorious name of wife;
No idle tales about the heart,
The purpose of a life:

'Give me but these, my wealth is yours,
To work our common weal;
'Tis pledged, as long as life endures,
The troth of Miss O'Neill.'

* * * * *

The women turn their noses up,
The men *their* features down;
Say they, 'Was ever such a pup?—
A queen to wed a clown!'

* * * * *

Next morning, o'er the rounded stones,
Lisps sweetly soft the tide;
But sweeter far the loving tones
Of my dear cherished bride.

* * * * *

I'll thank the fellow (when again
The happiest of clerks,
I go like sheep unto my pen)
That brought that note from Berks.

A. G. D.

SUMMER EVE.

FAIR Summer Eve! sweet as the purling stream,
To parchèd lips, amid Arabian sand,
Calm as the silent echoes of a dream,
That wafts the exile to his native land.

Kind Summer Eve! life's hard realities
Are melted by thy spirit-soothing breath,
The stricken heart forgets its miseries,
The dying dreams not hopelessly of death.

Cool Summer Eve! thy gentle murmurings
Tell me of happy moments, ever fled,
Nor heed the stubborn course of Saturn's wings,
But dare the footsteps of the past to tread.

Sweet Summer Eve! I've sat and watched thee die,
And one by one, the timid starlets shine,
Celestial rivals of her glistening eye,
Whose loving hand was fondly clasped in mine.

Dear Summer Eve! we sat and watched thee die,
From twilight shadows into glooms of night,
Nor recked how fast the happy hours could fly,
When love had lent his pinions to their flight.

Still Summer Eve! thou hast full many a tale;
Fain would I, lingering, hearken yet to thee,
Charmer of grief, though other loves may fail,
A welcome thou wilt ever meet from me.

G. B. R.

WHO WINS MISS BURTON?

A Tale of the London Season.

CHAPTER V.

AGATHA did not weep, as she had done the night before, she only felt despair, utter despair.

If Mr. Lynn had been kind to her, she might have told him all, and he might have saved her, and they might have been happy; but now her only chance was gone, and she had nothing left. She no longer cared to continue her walk, so she went home again and locked herself in her own room. Her mother was not aware that she had been out, and it was late in the day before she was disturbed. Lord Dunmore had arrived, and was waiting to see her. She sent a message to tell her mother to make what excuse she liked, but that she could not, and would not, see the earl that day. Mrs. Burton was fain to say that her darling Agatha had so severe a headache, in consequence of the fatigues of the ball, that she had positively forbidden her leaving her room.

All that day was passed by Agatha in a kind of weary unrest. Towards night, worn out both in body and mind, she fell into a long, deep sleep, and dreamed she was at St. Helens, sitting on the sand-bank, and that Mr. Lynn was reading 'Locksley Hall,' and that he compared her to Amy, and told her that he had been thinking that their future would be the same. Then she had upbraided him with his want of trust, and accused him of not loving her; and so he had disappeared, and Lord Dunmore had come, and opening a case of glittering jewels, offered them to her; and she had taken them in her hand and was going to put them on, when they turned into coils of living snakes; and then she tried to throw them from her, and shrieking in her horror, awoke.

The next day Lord Dunmore was no longer to be put off; and, at her mother's entreaty, Agatha was ready

to receive him when his cab drove to the door.

She had, by a strong effort of will, so far conquered herself that, outwardly, she was much the same as usual. Lord Dunmore was most eager to know how she was, and why she had been ill: he was suspicious about the ball, and suspicious about the man he had just caught a glimpse of standing in the doorway; but Agatha laughed it off, said she was faint from the heat, and called his attention to her rapid recovery. At last he was soothed, and gave Agatha a costly diamond ring, and their engagement was thus metaphorically sealed.

It was a matter of course that all Mrs. Burton's friends should be loud in their congratulations, and Agatha became a person of immense importance. Even Lady Dunmore was obliged, or thought it her best policy, to write a letter to her daughter-in-law elect, which letter, although it did not actually say so, gave a general impression that Agatha ought to consider herself the most fortunate woman in England, and that her gratitude should be evinced accordingly.

Lady Dunmore was still in Paris, and finding that it was too late to save her son, as she said to her intimate friends with real tears in her eyes, from two of the most designing women she had ever met, she thought it best to remain where she was.

Lord Dunmore was anxious to be married immediately: whenever he made up his mind that he wanted a thing, he never rested until he had obtained it. When he was a child, this propensity made him a terror to the nurses and governesses, as his choice would often fall on things impossible for him to have, and many and dire would be the scenes that ensued. When Lord Dunmore proposed that the wedding should

take place at once, Agatha begged that it might be postponed until the spring; but of this he would not hear, and was so really annoyed, that Mrs. Burton was in an agony lest he should get out of it altogether, and entreated Agatha not to be rash.

Agatha was just in that state of mind that she did not feel as if she really cared what happened; and although to gain time would have been a relief, still, as it was to be, perhaps, after all, it would be better for it to take place at once. The first week in December was accordingly fixed upon, and the preparations were begun.

After remaining a few weeks longer in Brighton, Mrs. Burton thought it would be more convenient to return to London, as there were so many things to be arranged which could be done so much better on the spot, and Agatha was so tired of Lord Dunmore's constant society, that she eagerly acquiesced in a plan that might give her some time to herself. Of course Lord Dunmore accompanied them to London, and remained a few days to see them settled in Hertford Street, May Fair, where Mrs. Burton had taken a house until after the wedding; but there he left them, and went back to Dunmore Castle for some shooting, taking Captain Burton with him; so Agatha and her mother were alone.

Lord Dunmore had, during his stay in London, given Agatha the most costly presents, had chosen her opera-box for the next season, had been to Tattersall's to look at riding-horses for her especial use, and, indeed, had been, as Mrs. Burton said, quite lavish in his generosity; but Agatha he now considered as his own personal property, so that giving to her was, in fact, the same as giving to himself, a species of benevolence in which he had never been known to fail.

Captain Valentine Burton had come up to town to meet Lord Dunmore, and had given his mother to understand that his marriage with Miss Chatterton was, after all, not unlikely, as her parents had given him every encouragement since the

announcement of Agatha's engagement, and that as the young lady herself was desperate about him, he thought her eighty thousand pounds might be considered within reach; and Mrs. Burton felt really grateful that she had taken so much pains to secure the happiness of both her children. Agatha and Mrs. Burton were sitting, one afternoon late in November, over the drawing-room fire in Hertford Street, each apparently occupied with her own train of thought, when the footman brought in a letter, which he handed to Mrs. Burton. Agatha was listlessly turning over the pages of a book, but she was in reality not reading.

'Really, Agatha, you ought to consider yourself a most fortunate girl,' said Mrs. Burton, looking up from the perusal of her letter; 'Valentine gives a most wonderful account of Dunmore Castle, and says it is quite regal in its appointments.'

Agatha made some slight response, and her mother continued, reading parts of the letter aloud:—

"Tell Agatha that the reception rooms are all fitted up with sky-blue velvet and white satin, and that the ceiling and walls are painted in fresco, and most beautiful of their kind; that her boudoir looks too pretty for use, with its pink silk and white lace."

Agatha smiled; but her heart carried her in imagination to the Red House in the High Street of Denborough, and she felt that she loved its old-fashioned furniture a thousand times better than she could ever love the costliest belongings of Lord Dunmore.

But Mrs. Burton was delighted. She stirred the fire until it leaped up into a bright blaze, shutting out the premature darkness of the day caused by the dense yellow fog peculiar to the million-peopled city, and prepared herself to discuss more fully Captain Burton's letter. Agatha laid down the book, and listened, Mrs. Burton doing most of the conversation, and trying to imagine how everything would be at Dunmore, when Agatha was mistress; and thus the rest of the day

wore on, and lights were brought, and dinner announced. After dinner, Mrs. Burton talked it all over again, till Agatha, weary and heart-sick, went to bed and dreamt that she was leaning on Lord Dunmore's arm, and that they were walking up the old High Street of Denborough, and that quite suddenly they met Mr. Lynn; that she put out her hand, but that he passed her by, and did not even seem to know her.

In the morning the fog was still so thick that it was almost impossible to see out of the window. Mrs. Burton, wrapped in a red shawl, declared, as she poured the water out of the steaming silver kettle into the teacups, that the fireside was the only place on such a day, but that she had some duty-calls that must be made that afternoon, that she would be obliged to sacrifice her personal feelings, and that Agatha must accompany her.

When the letters were brought in, Agatha took hers up, as she always did now, with a feeling of indifference. Lord Dunmore's almost illegible handwriting was there as usual, but she passed it over: another riveted her attention—it was Mrs. Vernor's. She had heard occasionally from Mrs. Vernor since leaving St. Helens; she had written to tell her of her engagement, and received her really heartfelt best wishes; and although she rarely mentioned the Lynns, every fresh letter inspired Agatha with the hope that she might tell her something about them.

This morning she held the letter a few minutes in her hand before opening it, and looked in vain for the Denborough postmark. It was not there, simply the London one. A few hurried lines inside explained that Mrs. Vernor had unexpectedly been summoned to town by one of her early pupils, who was dying. She wanted to see Agatha, and would go to Hertford Street the moment she had any spare time. She did not ask Agatha to go and see her, but Agatha determined at once to do so, and run the risk of finding her at home.

'Mamma,' said Agatha, 'need I

pay those visits with you this afternoon?'

'What has happened to prevent it, Agatha?'

'Mrs. Vernor is in town, and I must go and see her.'

'It is very provoking,' replied Mrs. Burton, 'but people always will turn up when they are least wanted. Why could not to-morrow do? To-morrow I shall be out, and you will be alone.'

'Oh, I could not be happy to lose a day,' said Agatha, 'more especially as I do not know how long she means to remain.'

Mrs. Burton thought it best not to contradict her, so it was arranged that she was to leave her at Mrs. Vernor's, whilst she paid the visits, and then to call for her again.

The direction given was to a small crescent in Baywater; a place, as Mrs. Burton said, of which she had never heard the name, and which she only hoped her coachman might be able to find, and then she asked what was Lord Dunmore's news.

Agatha had forgotten to open the letter, but she did so at once on being reminded, and tried to appear interested in a photograph of her future home—a magnificent castle, standing high, surrounded by noble trees and beautiful gardens, with a broad lake winding away in the distance.

Mrs. Burton was, of course, enchanted, and told Agatha that she must have given her a fairy god-mother; and Agatha laughed and said that, after all, she might find out one day that she was only Cinderella.

If Agatha might have chosen, she would have put on her plainest winter dress that afternoon; but Mrs. Burton wished her to pay a visit of state in Belgrave Square before she went to Baywater, and to dress as befitting the future Lady Dunmore, it being on one of Lord Dunmore's great friends that they were to call; and Cameron having laid out a violet silk dress, a violet velvet mantle, and a white bonnet with violet feathers, there was nothing left but to put them on.

Lady Mary Haughton was not at home, so they drove to Baywater. Mrs. Vernor being at home, Agatha

got out, and Mrs. Burton drove away, promising to call again in an hour. Agatha followed the maid into the sitting-room: a dim figure was standing before her, the door shut behind her, and she was just about to exclaim Mrs. Vernor, when her voice failed, the room went into darkness;—the figure was not Mrs. Vernor, it was Mr. Lynn.

'I have made a mistake,' she said, desperately; 'I came to see Mrs. Vernor, and I thought——' But she was trembling so violently that she was obliged to grasp the back of the chair to save herself from falling.

Whatever Mr. Lynn's first feelings may have been, he mastered them quickly.

'You thought rightly, Miss Burton, Mrs. Vernor is here, or will be in a few minutes.' And then he bowed, without offering his hand, and turning a chair round, asked her to sit down.

Agatha obeyed. She did not know if she were very happy, or very miserable; she was in a dream. For a few minutes both were silent, then Mr. Lynn took out his watch.

'I ordered the carriage to call for me again in an hour,' said Agatha, 'hearing that Mrs. Vernor was at home.'

'I fear there may have been some mistake,' replied Mr. Lynn; 'but I will go and see.' And he left the room.

Agatha covered her face with both her hands, and tried to think what she ought to do, or ought to say. Mr. Lynn was only absent a few minutes.

'I am afraid,' he said, on re-entering, 'that some blunder has been made. Mrs. Vernor is out, and her return uncertain.'

Agatha rose. 'I had better go,' she said.

For a moment Mr. Lynn looked at her as he used to do in the old St. Helens days, and seemed about to speak, but he checked himself, and then said, coldly,

'I fear either alternative will be equally unwelcome—returning alone in a cab, or waiting for your own carriage.'

'I think,' said Agatha 'it would be best to wait, only——'

'Only I am here,' replied Mr. Lynn, with a slight inclination of the head, and a shade of sarcasm in his voice. 'But Miss Burton need be under no apprehension; when my services can be dispensed with I am ready to leave the house, and so spare her the pain of my society.'

Something almost like a moan came from Agatha's lips. She had been standing up, but she sat down, and turned her face to the window, without speaking. There was something like triumph mingled with the bitterness that lay at Mr. Lynn's heart, as he looked at Agatha; but he felt that he had never loved her so madly as he did then, in her proud desperation; not that he showed it, there was a fiend at his heart, and it goaded him on to torture her.

'If you have any message for Mrs. Vernor, and can trust me with it, I will promise to deliver it.'

'I shall see Mrs. Vernor myself, I hope,' replied Agatha; 'I have nothing new to tell her.'

'Miss Burton's life cannot be so uneventful,' he said, 'or perhaps her usual discretion prevents her from troubling her friends with her personal interests.'

The hot tears came into Agatha's eyes at the implied reproach; but she was in the shade, and Mr. Lynn did not see her face, he only saw the diamond ring that glittered on her finger. He waited a minute, and then he bowed and was about to leave the room. He had even reached the door when Agatha interrupted him. There was a wild, hunted look in her large dark eyes, as she exclaimed,

'Mr. Lynn, don't go; I ask it as a favour, please don't go.' She went back to her seat. It had all been done on the impulse of the moment, something had impelled her to it.

Mr. Lynn closed the door, came in and sat down.

'Miss Burton, I do it because you ask me; nothing now but your words shall influence me.' He was cruel even yet, but Agatha did not remonstrate. She looked up, and the pained expression on her face soothed his angry spirit, and he asked gently about her mother, brother, and her London life.

'I have one more favour to ask to-day,' replied Agatha, 'and it is that you will talk to me of St. Helena, and only St. Helena. Let me try to imagine, for to-day at least, that there has been no intervening time, that the old days have come back again.'

'It will be difficult for me, Miss Burton,' said Mr. Lynn; 'but I will try.' And so Mr. Lynn began by speaking of Mrs. Vernor, and why she had left home, and the reason of his accompanying her, his mother being anxious that she should not travel alone in her agitated frame of mind. And then, insensibly, they glided into other subjects, so that when the servant opened the door and announced the carriage, both fancied that it had only been away a few minutes.

Mr. Lynn offered Agatha his arm. She was brighter now, something like undefined hope had sprung up within her; but not so with him.

'Miss Burton, Agatha,' he said, as he grasped her hand, 'once more—good-bye.'

'Not good-bye,' she said; 'I am coming again to-morrow to see Mrs. Vernor.' She got into the carriage, the door was shut, she looked out of the window into the gathering darkness; he was watching her, and she saw him still standing until the carriage turned the corner of the square.

Mrs. Burton had not come back after all, so no disagreeable questions were asked. Agatha had not felt so happy as she did that night for what seemed to her whole ages, and she dropped asleep saying to herself, 'To-morrow I shall see him—to-morrow, to-morrow.' Alas! for the human to-morrow!

CHAPTER VI.

The next day, when Agatha got up, her whole mind was engrossed with one idea, and that was—Mr. Lynn. She waited impatiently until breakfast was over, and then asked Mrs. Burton if she might order the carriage for eleven o'clock. Mrs. Burton acquiesced, provided she would be ready to return at two, reminding her that in a few days

Lord Dunmore would be in London, and that it would be well for her to have finished all her business, so as to be at liberty.

Liberty! how the word grated upon Agatha's ear. 'But for to-day at least,' she said, as she went upstairs, 'I will forget him; for to-day I will be the old Agatha.' Then she took off her diamond ring, and all the ornaments which had been gifts from Lord Dunmore, and put on the dress she knew Mr. Lynn would like, remembering all his tastes, even to the colour of her gloves. She did not analyze her motives, she only followed her inclinations; and then she hurried down stairs, sprang into the carriage, and looking up at the drawing-room window, nodded gaily to Mrs. Burton as she drove off.

The drive to Bayswater seemed interminable; but she was there at last, and going up the stairs she had gone down the day before, leaning on Mr. Lynn's arm. Mrs. Vernor was in the sitting-room; she put her arms round Agatha, kissed her as she took off her bonnet, and made her sit down. Then she began a hundred questions, which Agatha hardly knew how to answer, for all the while she was listening for Mr. Lynn's footstep. She was not prepared for disappointment, but waited and hoped on, and tried to appear interested in other subjects. At last, when nearly an hour had passed away, she could bear it no longer.

'Mr. Lynn?' she said.

'Mr. Lynn went home this morning.'

'Gone, really gone!' exclaimed Agatha, forgetful of everything but her bitter mortification. 'Tell me you did not mean it; it can't be true.' And she laid her hand imploringly on Mrs. Vernor's arm.

'Yes, Agatha, it is quite true.'

'And he left no message for me. Oh! he has been unkind.'

'He did leave a message, Agatha,' said Mrs. Vernor, quietly taking both Agatha's hands in hers. 'He told me, if you asked, to say that he went away because it was best.'

Agatha burst into tears, she could not help it; the reaction was too great. Mrs. Vernor tried to soothe her.

'Agatha,' she said, 'you are not happy; tell me what I can do for you; you have always been like a child to me.'

'You can do nothing,' replied Agatha, looking up, and dashing the tears from her eyes. 'Mine is a miserable lot, but I have brought it on myself, and I must abide by it.'

'Agatha,' said Mrs. Vernor, 'tell me one thing—did you love Mr. Lynn?'

'Don't ask me,' said Agatha, starting up; 'it is too late now; I am to be Lord Dunmore's wife in three weeks—what is Mr. Lynn to me?'

'The sorrows, Agatha, that are of our own making *will* bring their consequent suffering. There is no position in life from which we are not bound to save ourselves should it be yet in our power, if that position be one which we know is wrong; and you are wrong, Agatha, if you do not love Lord Dunmore.'

'Dear Mrs. Vernor,' said Agatha, laying her head upon her friend's shoulder, 'I have been a miserable coward, but I have stood so alone, and now I feel that there is no escape; all I ask is, do not speak of it.'

Mrs. Vernor had stood up, and was about to remonstrate, but Mrs. Burton was unexpectedly announced, and saying anything more became impossible. She had come sooner than she intended, to take her darling Agatha away, and to indulge herself at the same time, she said, with a peep at Mrs. Vernor: she wished to hear her opinion on Agatha's looks, and thank her in person for all the care she had taken of her dear child at St. Helens.

Mrs. Burton could be very gracious when she liked, especially to those whom she considered her inferiors, when it did not compromise her in the eyes of the fashionable world; and Mrs. Burton had also a theory that, sooner or later, nearly every one can be made useful in some way. So she was most sympathising about Mrs. Vernor's consumptive pupil, and her hurried visit to town; begged her to dine with them, and even offered to send the carriage to fetch her.

Mrs. Vernor was leaving town the

next morning, so she refused, and Mrs. Burton and Agatha took their leave. As Agatha kissed her friend, Mrs. Vernor managed to whisper, in answer to her clinging embrace,

'If ever, Agatha, you want a home, promise me you will come to St. Helens.' And those words came back to Agatha when most she needed the assurance.

Mrs. Vernor left London the following day, and Agatha returned to her old life. Her trousseau progressed rapidly, and everything neared its fulfilment.

Three nights before the wedding, Agatha was seated alone before her own fire. She had but just parted from her mother, as each had gone to her own room, and they had been all the evening talking of dress and jewels, and arranging future plans. Agatha was weary and heart-sick. 'Better,' she said, 'be dead than so utterly wretched. Oh! mother, what is my happiness to you?' And then the thought flashed into her mind, 'Perhaps I am wronging her—it is not yet too late for that.' She started up, put on her dressing-gown, and went swiftly down the passage until she reached her mother's room, knocked softly, and entered.

Mrs. Burton was sitting in an easy chair over the fire, reading one of a packet of letters. She looked surprised at Agatha's entrance, as if it were an unusual event at that hour.

'You are surprised to see me,' said Agatha; 'but, mother, I have something to say, something I want your advice about. You will think it is late perhaps,' she continued, with all the calmness of desperation; 'but—'

'But I think I can guess,' said Mrs. Burton, smiling; 'you want the white lace flounces for your amber silk.'

Agatha shook her head; her mother's total unsuspectingness made her task very difficult. She waited for a moment, then she knelt on the ground, low down at her mother's feet, and told her that she could not marry Lord Dunmore.

Mrs. Burton's face grew livid as she listened.

'Agatha, what madness is this? Not marry Lord Dunmore? be dis-

graced yourself, and disgrace us all for life?"

'But, mother,' said Agatha, 'think of my happiness. Oh, mother! only let me give it up, and I will work for you, I will never leave you: we will be so happy, in spite of all the lost hateful grandeur, which can only make me miserable. Mother, if you ever loved me, save me!'

Mrs. Burton looked staggered, but she rallied.

'Agatha, you can't mean it: think of the expense I have been at, the ruinous outlay on your London season, your dress, everything—everything which was to be put straight by your marriage with Lord Dunmore.'

'Think, mother,' said Agatha, with the passionate, pleading look still in her eyes, 'how young I am to sacrifice a whole life; think what I shall suffer if I am obliged to live for ever with a man I—I hate.'

'You will get to like him, Agatha.'

'Never!' she replied. 'I might try to do my duty, but I should fail even there, because—'

'Because,' exclaimed Mrs. Burton, 'it is as I suspected; you have some romantic schoolgirl fancy for some one else. I only wish,' she said, with rising indignation, 'I had never let you go to St. Helens, and then you would not have fallen, as you did, into the hands of low, designing people.'

Agatha started up—her eyes were flaming.

'I will not hear it,' she said, 'even from you. All the real happiness I have ever known was at St. Helens; all the rest of my life, since I grew up, has been a vain, miserable delusion; it has made me a false, deceitful woman, deceiving even the man I am going to marry, and who believes in me: it is my duty at least to tell him.'

Mrs. Burton was really alarmed; her terror lest Agatha should fulfil her threat made her grow cold all over. She saw in one glance Lady Dunmore's triumph, Lady Alice Wendover's, herself sunk in the shade, Valentine's heiress lost: so she begged and prayed, she even wept, she appealed to her love, to her duty; she implored her to think

of the disgrace, and at last Agatha promised, and Mrs. Burton, still fearful, went with her back to her room, saw her into bed, and sat by her until Agatha had, or Mrs. Burton thought she had, sunk into a calm sleep.

'To-morrow,' said Mrs. Burton, 'Lord Dunmore and Valentine come; I must prevent her doing anything rash to-morrow, and the day after she is to be married.'

The next morning Agatha seemed much as usual, only she looked ill. Lord Dunmore and Valentine arrived in the afternoon, and they all went out driving. Mrs. Burton tried, by an extra amount of conversation and gaiety, to cover Agatha's silence, and she laughed pleasantly when Lord Dunmore showed some anxiety about her, and assured him it was only excitement.

After dinner, when the gentlemen joined the ladies, Lord Dunmore took a vacant chair beside Agatha, and Mrs. Burton felt a sickening dread lest, in the opportunity given by a *tête-à-tête*, Agatha might betray herself; but it was needless. Agatha felt utterly hopeless and miserable, but she did not expect to be anything else. She looked at Lord Dunmore, as he bent his head over her, and shuddered as she thought, 'To-morrow he will be my husband.'

Lord Dunmore was in great spirits: he talked of what he should do, of what Agatha was to do; and then he took from his waistcoat-pocket a small ring-case and displayed a plain gold hoop, and made her fit it on, and then raised her hand to his lips, his small light eyes gleaming with triumph as he paid her some whispered compliment.

Agatha withdrew her hand and glanced at the ring, emblem of love and truth and eternity; and she felt as if she must fling it away, and go away herself, anywhere, so that it was away—away from him. But with all this at her heart, she sat on and submitted, and Mrs. Burton sat on and watched; but it was over at last, and Agatha was alone in her own room.

She stood for some time gazing down into the glowing embers, a

little foot resting on the polished fender, trying to feel at least that perhaps, after all, her choice for the future had been for the best, that it had been out of her power to avert it, and that it was her fate.

We are all, more or less, what circumstances make us; and Agatha's powers of reasoning had never been developed beyond the atmosphere by which she had been surrounded during the last three years of her life. When Agatha, at the age of sixteen, had left Mrs. Vernon's care to enjoy the advantages of continental masters, she was just at that period of life when the character is forming, when it is most susceptible of external influences, most easily moulded for good or evil; and Mrs. Burton's maternal precepts all tended to utter worldliness, so that Agatha grew into womanhood with her judgment warped by social prejudices, with her real warmth of disposition and generous impulses pruned to the conventional standard, her ambition and vanity fostered until the false and the real had become so entangled that it seemed impossible but that, year by year, all the good would be utterly crushed out, and only what was false and heartless remain.

But there was one thing which had saved Agatha, and that was her love for Mr. Lynn. All that was good and beautiful seemed to her to come into her existence through and by him.

There is no woman born who would not be ennobled, exalted, purified by the knowledge that a good man loves her. Years may come and go, changes take place, but the fact remains, the unalterable fact, that the one master hand has struck the hitherto untouched chords, and the vibration never dies.

Agatha had nerved herself for a conflict which she was not armed to carry on; there was wild rebellion in her heart, and she could not subdue it. The coils assumed fantastic shapes, and her thoughts went wearily over the old ground and the old arguments, but it would not do. She went to the door, locked it, and then taking a small cedar-wood box from her wardrobe,

sat down before the dressing-table, and began slowly taking out its contents.

To any looker-on they would not have seemed of much interest: two or three little notes, some dried grass and flowers, some seaweed, a scrap of cornelian—but each had a remembrance which, after to-night, she must put away for ever.

Agatha impatiently shook away the tears that welled up unbidden into her eyes, but as she did so her glance rested on the shining folds of white satin and lace;—it was her bridal dress. 'To-morrow,' she said, bitterly, 'I shall be a peeress—surely that should satisfy me;' but her voice, as she whispered the words, sounded hollow and unreal, and died into a moan, whilst Mr. Lynn's name hovered on her lips. She still wore her evening dress, and some bracelets and other ornaments which were the gifts of Lord Dunmore. She suddenly tore them off and flung them down as if they had stung her; she longed to crush them beneath her feet, to hide them from her sight—anything but to see them glittering on her neck and arms.

She knelt down and buried her face in her hands; her long dark hair fell in heavy masses over her white shoulders, and no statue of despair could ever have typified more abandoned grief.

Nearly an hour passed away; then she started up, pushed the hair back from her face and glanced at the clock; the long, delicate hands pointed to the hour of midnight. Agatha's breath came in short panting gasps; before that hand could once more return to the same spot on the enamelled dial, her doom would be irrevocably sealed.

A sudden desperate resolution flashed across her mind: it was, since none would save her, to save herself. She paced up and down the room after the thought had presented itself, and tried to concentrate her resolution. Agatha was brave by nature, and every feeling in her heart urged her to the step; but she wavered long ere her decision became final, and then she went to

the table, and, with the calmness of desperation, drew out her desk and wrote, first to Lord Dunmore, and then to her mother.

Lord Dunmore's letter was very short; she blamed no one but herself, and told him that, for both their sakes, it was better she should tell him then, though it were even at the eleventh hour, that her heart had never been his, rather than that, in after years, he should find out that she had deceived him. 'I can ask you to try and forgive me now,' she said—'then I could not.'

To her mother she wrote:

'I have tried hard to carry out my promise, but I have failed. I dare not kneel by Lord Dunmore's side, to-morrow, and vow to him love, honour, and obedience—I would rather die. You need not be anxious about me: I am going to St. Helens, and if you have ever loved me, you will forgive your unhappy

'AGATHA.'

When these were written, she locked the desk, first taking from it a packet of Lord Dunmore's letters; then she went to the dressing-table and collected her jewels, and, putting them carefully into their cases, made up the whole into a parcel directed to Lord Dunmore. She then selected from her wardrobe a dark winter dress, and taking off her evening attire, put it on, arranged different things about the room, moving noiselessly, but with the same air of determination on her face that had come over her on first realizing the possibility of escape; and thus the night passed.

Agatha did not even lie down, but sat waiting, as prisoners wait, for the verdict of life or death. At a quarter before five o'clock she put on a long cloak, a straw bonnet, and tied over her face, so as entirely to conceal it, a thick black veil. When this was done she took her letter to Lord Dunmore, for she thought if she left it to her mother it might never reach him; then she crept down stairs and softly unfastened the hall-door.

The bitter east wind swept past her, and flakes of snow were driven in her face, but she heeded them not;

she closed the door behind her, and went out alone into the street.

It was so new and strange a position for Agatha to find herself alone in the streets of London, and at so early an hour, that at first she paused involuntarily, as if uncertain whether to go back or not, but her hesitation did not last; she drew her cloak tightly round her, and went hurriedly on. The cold was so intense that her trembling feet almost refused to carry her, and the snow was so thick that she could hardly see her way.

She went through the Marble Arch out into the broad thoroughfare: it was as dark as night, and the few passers-by heeded her not. She waited for a cab, hoping that one might pass, and fortune at last befriended her; she had hardly sufficient voice left to call to the driver, but, luckily, he was passing by slowly, and came close to her. She got in, and ordered the man to drive to the Euston station. Although it did not take more than half an hour to reach her destination, it seemed to Agatha that she would never be there, the time passed so slowly. She paid the cabman his fare, and went straight to the ticket-office, took her ticket, and passed on to the platform. Her first act was to post Lord Dunmore's letter, and then she sat down and waited for the train. It came at last, and she got in; it moved slowly off, and all was over. Agatha sat in the farthest corner of the carriage, and did not speak, but watched the breaking of the grey winter morning—her bridal morning; she saw the sun rise and gleam over the fields white with their mantle of snow, and she felt that, come what might, she was saved.

It was late in the evening when she arrived at Denborough; the station was a little way out of the town, but she did not dare to take a fly, she was so afraid of being recognized. She drew her veil more closely over her face, and walked away all alone in the direction of St. Helens, only fearful of meeting any one she knew. She had eaten nothing since the day before, but the excitement kept her up, and at

last she reached the cottage and was asking for Mrs. Vernor.

The servant was new and did not, therefore, recognize her, so she was asked to wait in the hall while she went to inform her mistress; but Agatha did not heed her—the door of Mrs. Vernor's room opened, and, unannounced, Agatha went in. Mrs. Vernor started up—Agatha took off her veil.

'You need not be afraid, it is my living self,' she said. 'I have come to you, for I had nowhere else to go, and you asked me, and, oh! I have been so miserable.' But even whilst she was speaking, her voice failed, and she sank insensible at Mrs. Vernor's feet.

CHAPTER VII.

When Mr. Lynn returned to Denborough from London, he had made up his mind to banish every remembrance of Agatha Burton; but however willing we may be, the schooling may be difficult; to him it was impossible.

When women suffer, they seek rest—men action. Mr. Lynn devoted himself to his profession: he tried to live his misery down—to crush every thought of his past hopes out of his mind; he tried to think hardly of Agatha, but down in the depths of his heart he loved her still so dearly, that the thought of her as the wife of another was gall and wormwood to him.

Sometimes he upbraided himself with having been harsh to her, at others he reproached her as a heartless coquette who had trifled with, and humiliated him; and yet she was the only woman he had ever loved. He could not help thinking of her; he could not help dreading to see her marriage announced in the papers.

'Agatha's wedding-day,' he said, as he went to his office. The sun was shining so brightly, the crisp snow glistened on the housetops, the holly decorated the windows, and the little boys shouted in the streets. He almost expected to hear the bells ring out a bridal peal from the tower of the old Denborough church.

Even in his office he could not banish the thought. He sat down determinedly, he gave out the work to his clerk, and occupied himself in writing, and in whatever business was most irksome, and which he felt least inclined to undertake. But Agatha's name seemed written on every page, it floated before him in the air, and he almost fancied he heard the 'I will,' that was to make her the bride of Lord Dunmore.

He started up; he could bear it no longer; he wrote a line which he sent up to the Red House, saying to his mother that he was going out into the country, and would not be home until late, so that she need not sit up for him. After despatching the letter, he put away all his books and papers, and went out of the town, down to the sea, over the hills. He walked quickly for hours, walked until he was so tired that he was obliged to sit down, and regardless of the cold, regardless of everything, he whiled away the daylight.

It was nearly midnight when he got back into the High Street, and he was surprised at seeing his mother stand before him in answer to his knock at the door of the Red House. He stooped to kiss her, and tried to say something cheerful, remonstrating with her for sitting up for him. Mr. Lynn had a chivalrous regard for, and belief in all women, and a peculiar reverence for his mother.

She looked at him with a soft loving radiance in her face, and pointed to the flakes of snow that almost whitened his coat. His smile in answer to the mute appeal was almost as wintry as the night outside, but he took off his outer wraps and followed her into his father's study, where a cheerful fire was blazing.

By the strong light Mr. Lynn looked even more tired and weary than he had done on first entering the house, if such a thing were possible. It seemed that years had been added to his looks in that one day, years of suffering such as only few are called to suffer, suffering that nothing can efface.

He had never told his mother that he loved Agatha Burton; he never dreamt that she had known it long

ago. Could he have had a secret grief and kept it from her? Was she not his mother? She stooped down and laid her trembling hand lovingly among the bright curling locks on his temple.

'John,' she said, 'I have something to tell you, something I wished you to hear from myself, and that is why I have waited for you to-night.'

He looked up, and in answer to the look, she began gently,

'Agatha—'

He started.

'No, mother, not to-night, I cannot bear it, not even her name. I have spent all the day burying my dead; let me forget her or mourn for her as for one who henceforth is nothing to me.'

The tears started into Mrs. Lynn's eyes.

'May God forgive her for the suffering she has caused you, but I must tell you something about her. Let me say it, John, and after that, if you wish it, I will never mention her name again. Agatha is at St. Helens.'

Mr. Lynn looked bewildered.

'Agatha at St. Helens,' he repeated, slowly; 'this is Agatha's wedding day, and she is—'

'She is *not* married to Lord Dunmore.'

'Mother,' said Mr. Lynn, 'don't deceive me. Am I dreaming? Is this real, or some wild phantasy of my brain? Tell me why it is—something to make it sound like truth.'

'I have not seen Agatha,' said Mrs. Lynn, 'but your father was sent for to-night by Mrs. Vernor to see Agatha Burton, who had come to her in order to escape her marriage, and Agatha was ill. I know nothing more at present, but I believe it is only over-excitement and fatigue that have knocked her up.'

A wild hope rushed to Mr. Lynn's mind. Agatha might yet be his. After the long hours of darkness, the sudden light bursting from the cloud overwhelmed him. He sat down and buried his face in both his hands, and his mother saw by the deep heavings of his breast how much he suffered. She once more laid her hand upon his head, something like a whispered blessing came from her

lips, and then gently kissing him, she left the room and closed the door behind her. Better, she thought, that the deep emotions of a man's heart should be sacred even from his mother's eye.

Mr. Lynn remained in the same attitude nearly an hour; then he got up, and left the room. A sudden impulse had seized him; it was to go to St. Helens just to see the light burning in Agatha's room. He could not realize it without doing so.

He took the key with him this time, and walked rapidly down the hill in the direction of the bay. It was not snowing now, myriads of stars had come out, and the clear sharp frost had covered every blade of grass with shining crystals. The sea seemed almost like a summer sea, it was so calm, save for the white ridges on the sand-banks that stretched away far as the eye could reach. Mr. Lynn stood before the cottage, leaning on the palings. Yes, there was the lamp in Agatha's window, burning brightly and steadily: it shone out like a beacon of hope. Agatha was really there—Agatha whom, a few hours ago, he had looked upon as lost to him for ever. Agatha, who might yet be his. What was the cold December air to him? Giant despair no longer held him down; he could defy the world, and with renewed energy fight the battle of life.

Mrs. Lynn lay awake for hours that night, listening for her son's footstep on the stair, and at last it came. Not a worn, tired step, but a firm, hopeful tread, and with a sigh of thankfulness she abandoned her night watch and went to sleep.

When Agatha partially recovered consciousness, Dr. Lynn was bending over her, and anxiously watching the effect of the restoratives he was employing. She, however, did not appear to recognize her old friend, but sank into a long deep sleep. Mrs. Vernor remained by her bedside during the night, and only left her when the bright sunlight had ushered in another day, obliging her to draw the window curtains more closely, for fear that Agatha's rest might be disturbed. When Agatha did wake she was almost frightened

to find herself lying on the little bed in the little room that she knew so well, looking out on the sea, no longer blue and sparkling, but with angry leaden waves foaming on the sandy ridges, white with the driven snow.

Mrs. Vernor was standing by her, and gazing at her with such a look of anxious inquiry that Agatha was recalled from a momentary forgetfulness to a realization of all her unhappiness; and then she started up.

'I do not remember,' she said. 'Tell me why I am here. Is this my wedding day? Oh! if you love me, do not let me marry Lord Dunmore.'

Mrs. Vernor soothed her as a mother, but as Agatha's mother had never done in all her remembrance.

'You are not going to be married, Agatha, and you are safe with me at your old home.'

'Ah! is it really St. Helens? I thought I was only dreaming.'

'You are weak and ill, Agatha. Don't talk of anything now, but try to get stronger, and then we will see all about making you quite happy.'

'Dear Mrs. Vernor, you will not tell any one that I am here, you will not let me see any one. I could not bear it, at least not yet.'

Mrs. Vernor promised, and then Agatha fell asleep again. Dr. Lynn looked in to see her very often, but Agatha did not know it. 'All that she wants,' he said, 'is rest; she is worn out both in mind and body.' And so she was, and the consequent prostration was so great that Mrs. Vernor felt tempted to break her promise and to write to Mrs. Burton. But after a week's careful nursing Agatha rallied.

It was not until she was much stronger that Mrs. Vernor allowed her to relate all the harassing circumstances connected with her flight from home. She was Agatha's nurse, companion, friend; she almost seemed to anticipate her very wishes; she cooled her aching head, read to her, or arranged on a little table by her bedside certain bouquets of mysterious flowers that came, Agatha never asked from whom, although perhaps she guessed, for she seemed

to prize them more than anything else.

One day, after Agatha had been consulting Mrs. Vernor as to whether she ought to return home, and wondering why her mother had not even written, Mrs. Vernor decided on giving her a letter which had really reached St. Helens some days before, but which she did not think it prudent for her to read whilst her cheeks were so pale, her eyes so heavy, and her prostration so great. Agatha opened it with trembling hands, and read the following words:—

'That any daughter of mine could disgrace herself in the shameless manner you have done, Agatha, I can even now hardly realize. You have not only disgraced yourself, but you have broken a mother's heart, ruined your brother's prospects for life, and are no longer a child of mine. What inducements you may have had to outrage all propriety in the way you have done, I cannot know, but can only imagine that some low connection has been the secret mainspring of your unlady-like conduct. I weep as I write to think what your romance and folly has caused us all to suffer. Lord Dunmore is, I hear, distracted, and has sent for his mother, who will no doubt congratulate herself on the escape her son has had. I am too ill to write more, and my doctor imperatively forbids my exciting myself, so I can only add that you will regret the step you have taken but once, and that will be for the rest of your life.'

The effect of this letter on Agatha was anything but cheering; still she struggled against any display of her feelings before Mrs. Vernor, and it was only when alone that she allowed her mind to dwell on the past. The future she dared not trust, as everything hitherto seemed to have turned to ashes in her grasp, or, more strictly speaking, she had thrown away what really could have made her happy, or, like so many others, discovered her mistake too late.

Still Agatha got better. She had not, as yet, left her room, or seen any one; but the day before Christ-

mas-eve, Mrs. Vernor persuaded her to come down stairs, if only for an hour. Agatha was looking more like her natural self, except that she was thinner, and the colour had faded from her cheeks, leaving them of a marble paleness.

Mrs. Vernor drew an arm-chair to the fire, and wrapped a red cloak round the shoulders of her patient.

Agatha smiled. 'You are taking such care of me,' she said.

'I want you to be quite well and happy,' replied Mrs. Vernor, smiling.

Agatha sighed. 'I dare say I may get well; but I don't suppose I shall ever be very happy.'

'Time works wonders, that nothing else can; we shall see what you say about that a few years hence.'

'At all events,' said Agatha, smiling, with something of her old brightness, 'I am not destined to be a blessing to others: think what a slave I have made even of you since I came to St. Helens.'

'But I don't mean to be kept in quarantine any longer. I want to go out this afternoon: do you mind being alone for an hour?'

'I like being alone,' said Agatha; 'it suits me.'

Mrs. Vernor shook her head, placed some books on a table beside her chair, and went away. Agatha took up one of the books and began to read. How long she had been so engaged she did not know, for her mind had wandered away from the pages, and she was wondering when her mother would write again, in answer to several letters she had sent to her and her brother, entreating their forgiveness, when the door opened, and some one came in. The afternoon had grown dark so rapidly, that now she could only see by the fitful firelight; but she looked up, expecting that it was Mrs. Vernor, when, for the second time in her life, she encountered instead Mr. Lynn. She started up and would have made her escape; but it was impossible—Mr. Lynn was between her and the door; she remained standing, the scarlet cloak draped about her shoulders, her dark hair hanging in negligent

masses from the comb that had partly fallen out, a flushing colour in her cheeks, and the wild hunted look in her eyes.

Mr. Lynn had always thought her beautiful, but never so beautiful as she looked at that moment. He was almost afraid to speak, lest he should break the charm, and find it was but a dream; but, outwardly at least, he was the calmer of the two, as he advanced, held out his hand, and making some commonplace inquiry about her health, insisted on her resuming her place in the arm-chair. For a moment she remained standing, and then she yielded; for there was something about Mr. Lynn that enforced obedience; and it was this power of will that had so much charm for Agatha, for she was a true woman in her heart of hearts.

The first few minutes passed almost in silence. Mr. Lynn leaned against the mantelpiece, looking intently at Agatha, as if trying to read the expression of her face as it was seen by the half-light; but presently he came and stood in front of her. She looked up, and met his downward glance, beneath which her eyes fell.

'Miss Burton,' he said, 'I have no right perhaps to ask the question, but I leave it to your generosity to answer it; why did you not marry Lord Dunmore?'

Agatha did not look up this time, but she answered firmly, although her voice was so low that none but those who were standing close by could have heard it—

'Because I did not love him.'

Mr. Lynn walked to the window, and then he came back.

'Miss Burton—Agatha!' he said, desperately, 'one more question and I have done. Did you—do you love any one else?'

No answer came: a stillness like death reigned in the room. Agatha's face was turned away, but her clasped hands were trembling. Mr. Lynn took them in his own.

'Agatha,' he said, 'you can never know what you have been to me. God grant you never may. I have tried, so long as you were not near me, to forget you in a life of duties;

and I might have succeeded; but I cannot live near you, breathe the same air as you breathe, and be nothing to you.'

Still Agatha did not speak. Mr. Lynn let go her hand, and leant his arm upon the mantelpiece. His voice was tremulous as he continued—

'I have never dared to hope that you could love me; I knew that it was the wildest dream to think so. I shall throw it from me after to-night, and make arrangements to go to some part of the world where we can never meet again; but I am still selfish; I could not bear that you should hate me.'

Agatha got up and stood by him.

'Have I done you so much harm,' she said, 'that I should add to it by sending you from your home—from all you ever cared for? Do you think it possible I could hate you when—'

'Agatha! is it possible? Do you love me?'

'I have never loved any one else,' she said; and the words fell faint and soft on his eager listening ears.

When Mrs. Vernor looked in an hour after, Mr. Lynn and Agatha were still sitting over the darkening embers of the forgotten fire—forgotten, like everything else, in the first dawn of their earthly paradise. She closed the door softly, knowing that she had not been heard, and went upstairs with something like a sigh, mingled with feelings of genuine satisfaction.

CHAPTER VIII.

Agatha was very happy.

It is hardly possible to define happiness. It is not so much the existence of the light which is without, as the light which is reflected from within—the light which gilds and glorifies even the commonest objects, the dreariest places, with a fancied beauty which is not their own, but coloured by the mind.

Everything seemed bright to Agatha—the present, the future, all—everything. It was nothing uncertain or wavering now; but something actual and positive. Mr. Lynn loved her; and all that was

good and beautiful came to her through him.

When Agatha went down-stairs the next morning, Mrs. Vernor smiled and told her that she was looking so well that she hardly knew her, and that she should certainly put her off the invalid list; and Agatha said, if she were not emancipated, she would emancipate herself; and as a proof of it she had promised to spend the Christmas-eve at the Lynns.

'But you must not,' said Agatha, blushing, 'tell Mrs. Lynn before to-night of our engagement.' Mr. Lynn wishes it to be a surprise.' Of course Mrs. Vernor promised the utmost discretion.

Mr. Lynn came during the day; but he refused Mrs. Vernor's invitation to remain and go back with them to Denborough in the evening. Agatha looked disappointed; and in answer to the look he went and sat down by her.

'Agatha,' he said, 'I must not forget, and you must not try to make me forget, that I must *work*. I have an incentive now that I never had before, and I shall glory in the drudgery even of my profession; it will no longer be a self-imposed duty to escape if possible from myself, but a labour of love.'

'You will not think me a burden?' she said, softly.

For a moment Mr. Lynn looked vexed, then he replied,

'Yes, Agatha, till you are mine—till we are married. Unity is strength,' he continued; 'I am a mere crumbling wall now; I want to transplant my ivy, and take it home.'

'Will you not wait till the spring?' she said.

Mr. Lynn shook his head. 'Agatha, think how I have waited and suffered.'

Agatha smiled. 'May I not claim any of the suffering?'

'Then, Agatha, you will consent?'

'I am yours,' she said; 'you may do with me what you will.'

When Agatha went upstairs to dress for the evening, she wavered in her selection of a toilette. Fortunately Cameron had forwarded a box of clothes to her; but she turned

away from all the coloured dresses, remembering that Mr. Lynn preferred either black or white, and finally selected a black silk, made so as to partly display the throat and neck, and trimmed with soft and delicate lace. In her hair she put some crimson berries, and then she went again, as she had done once before, into Mrs. Vernor's room, to ask her approval.

If Mrs. Vernor had admired Agatha then, she admired her a hundred times more now. Her beauty seemed to have deepened and matured, and there was a soft love-light in her eyes that had replaced the expression which before had been almost cold and indifferent.

'I was afraid we were late,' said Agatha. Mrs. Vernor smiled, but hurried down stairs, and they got at once into the fly which was to take them to the High Street. At the door of the Red House, Mr. Lynn was waiting for them. The other expected guests had not yet arrived, for Mrs. Vernor and Agatha had come early on purpose. Mrs. Vernor went in first; and for a moment Agatha and Mr. Lynn lingered in the hall.

'Perhaps,' said Agatha, 'they will not think me good enough.' She had never thought of this with Lord Dunmore; but real love gives a humility, a distrust that nothing else can. Mr. Lynn looked at Agatha reproachfully.

'You are only too good,' he said; and he took her trembling hand, laid it on his arm, and drew her into the room. It was the drawing-room that night—the drawing-room decked with holly and evergreens, the chandelier uncovered and lit with wax candles, and a blazing fire in the grate, before which Dr. Lynn and his wife were standing. Mr. Lynn led Agatha straight up to his mother.

'Mother,' he said, putting Agatha's hand in hers, 'this is my Christmas gift; Miss Burton has promised to be my wife.'

And so Agatha was taken to the hearts and to the home of the old doctor and his wife in the High Street of Denborough.

The marriage took place in London, early in the year. Neither Agatha's mother nor brother were present. Mrs. Burton wrote from Paris that she would forgive Agatha and send her all her things, but that she must not expect her to make any more sacrifices; that, as it was, she should for some years be obliged to practise the most rigid self-denial. She hoped Agatha might be happy, but could never understand, with her advantages of birth and education, from whom she could have inherited her very low tastes; and that, as she had chosen to put herself under Mrs. Vernor's protection, she hoped Mrs. Vernor would go to town with her, and try to have the wedding as little talked about as possible.

Captain Burton never even wrote: but although the estrangement from her family pained Agatha, her love for Mr. Lynn prevented her ever feeling a shadow of regret for the step she had taken.

It was on a bright morning late in July that Agatha and Mr. Lynn were sitting together over the breakfast table in their little cottage in the outskirts of Denborough, about ten minutes' walk from the High Street. There was a garden in front, where the flowers were carefully tended by a loving woman's hand.

Agatha was dressed in a plain fresh muslin, and looked so bright that the very sunshine from without seemed but an echo of the gladness of her heart.

Mr. Lynn was reading the paper. He looked up rather suddenly at Agatha, who was busily employed in pouring out his tea; and after a moment's hesitation got up, and bringing the 'Times' in his hand, gave it to her; and pointing to a paragraph, Agatha's eye fell on the following 'fashionable intelligence'—
—'We understand, from authentic sources, that early in the ensuing year Lord Dunmore is about to lead to the hymeneal altar Lady Alice Wendover, fourth daughter of the Earl of Carstairs.'

When Agatha looked up, Mr. Lynn was gazing at her with something of the old mournful expres-

sion in his eyes that had so haunted her at Brighton.

'Agatha,' he said, and his voice was a little unsteady, 'you do not repent?'

She threw down the paper, and went to him.

'Do you think,' she said, putting her hand upon his shoulder, 'that I do not love you?—do you think that if you were a thousand ears I could love you better than I do?'

Mr. Lynn stooped to kiss the lovely face that looked up to his with such infinite trust.

'Ah, Agatha,' he replied, drawing her more closely to him, 'how was it that I ever believed it possible that I could live without you?'

Something like tears came into Agatha's flashing eyes.

'There,' she said, 'we were different; I knew I could not live without you—it was not possible.'

'But you might change, Agatha, when you come to reflect in future years upon what you are, and what you might have been.'

Agatha shook her head, and then, laying it softly on his shoulder, she said—

'I will grow round him in his place,
Grow, live, die, looking on his face,
Die, dying clasped in his embrace.'

And she fulfilled her prophecy.

As years went on, Dr. Lynn died, and they went to live in the Red House in the High Street; and little children's feet sounded on the formal gravel walks, and little voices laughed merrily in the old house, and Agatha and Mr. Lynn, in their unity

and love, knew no sorrow such as Agatha might have known had she fulfilled the brilliant destiny which her mother has never ceased to regret.

Her brother, Captain Valentine Burton, succeeded in marrying Miss Chatterton, who was really attached to him, and who was destined for her future life to be as unhappy as those wives must be who, finding they have been married only for their money, still cling to their ruined god, in spite of coldness and neglect. Alas! for the slavery of those who love unwisely. Captain Burton and his wife never visit Denborough: he is a rising man, and considering that Agatha has disgraced him, he wishes her to feel his displeasure, and acts accordingly.

The movements of Lord and Lady Dunmore appear at stated intervals among the fashionable intelligence; but Agatha never met her patrician lover again; their walk in life was no longer the same; not but that Agatha's beauty and talents might have commanded for her a far higher class of society than that which they had in Denborough, but Agatha resolutely refused to avail herself of any advantage of the kind.

'My new world,' she would say, 'is too happy to risk losing it by grasping again the false pleasures of the old.'

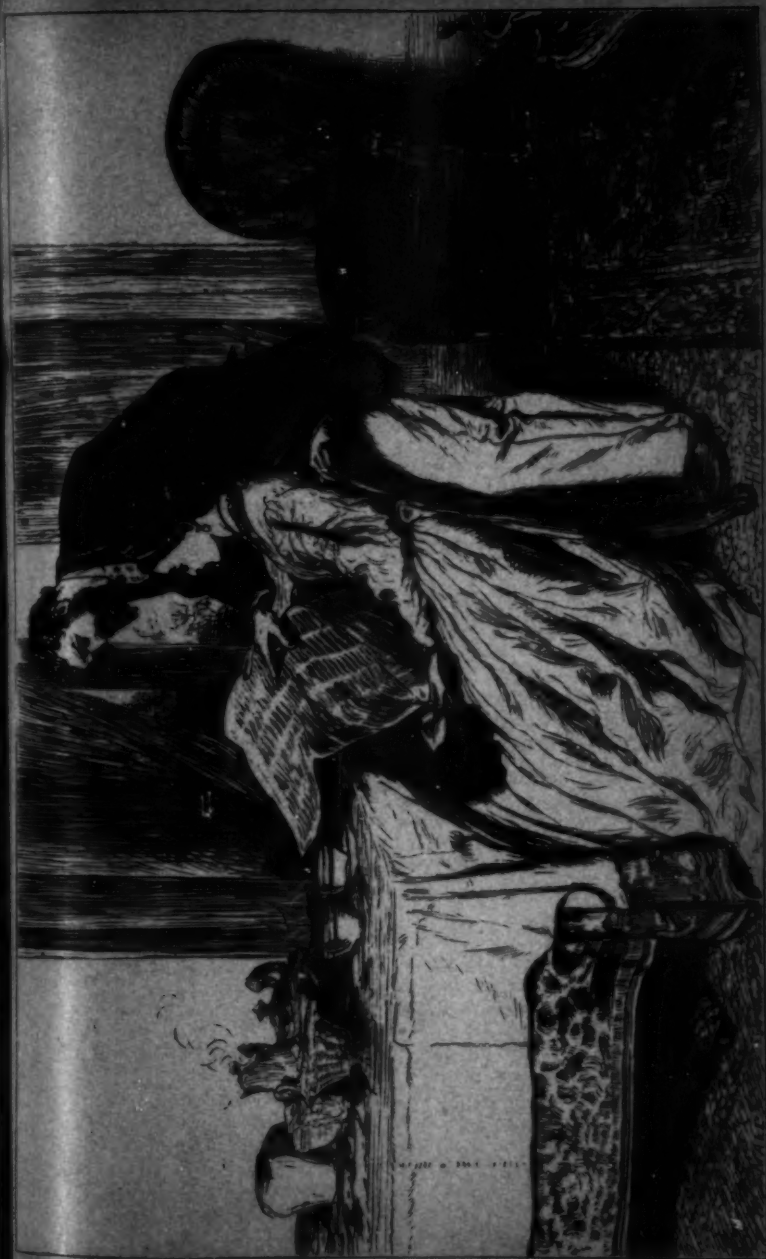
And she still thinks there is no position in the world so honourable, or so much to be envied, as that of Mr. Lynn's wife.

C. M. L.



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Drawn by W. B. Smith.

"'Agatha,' he said, and his voice was a hollow mockery, 'you do not repent?'"

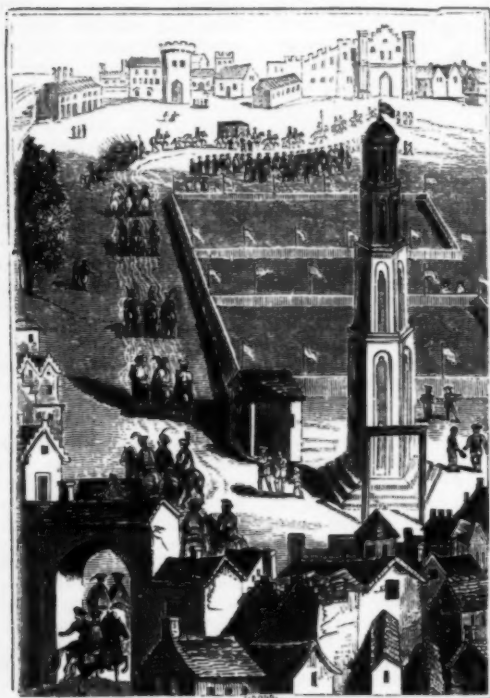
"'Yes,' said W. B. Smith, 'repent.'" C

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UP AND DOWN THE LONDON STREETS.

BY MARK LEMON.

CHAPTER VIII.



STRAND CROSS, COVENT GARDEN, ETC. LONDON, 1647.

AT the village of Charing was formerly a hermitage. A hermit of Charing Cross would now have abundant opportunity of meditating on the vanities of mankind, and the electric time-ball might call him to his dish of herbs and cold water, unless he preferred lunch among the ladies at Farrance's. Charing Cross was erected to mark the last spot at which the body of Eleanor rested, on its way to Westminster; and hence the archæologists, who seem to us to delight in the most impossible puns, venture to suggest came the name of *Chère Reine*. The

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Cross was built of Caen stone, with Dorset marble steps, and destroyed by order of the Long Parliament; part of the stone was used to pave Whitehall. The Cross appears to have been of considerable dimensions, and was used as a place of execution: here several of the regicides suffered. Proclamations for ages have been read at Charing Cross; and our own gracious queen was proclaimed there. We need not remind you, with Tom Hood, that here King Charles, unlike the unfortunate horsemen of the Epping Hunt, rides on '*in statu quo*,' but we

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may notice that this is one of the few London statues that does not appear to have been erected in honour of the late Mr. Guy Fawkes. It is not a Guy, but a beautiful work of art.

The space extending from Charing Cross to Westminster Hall, or Thorney Island, and from the river to St. James's Park, formerly purchased from the monks of Westminster, belonged to the Archbishops of York, and received the name of York Place. There was a public road to Westminster through it, with a gate at either end. Wolsey resided here in great state until his fall, when he, brokenhearted, quitted its water-gate in his barge for Esher.

Wolsey's residence was characterised by a luxury and magnificence unequalled by any subject, and scarcely surpassed by any king. His copes and robes were the richest ever seen. He maintained a train of 800 persons, among whom were nine or ten lords, fifteen knights, and forty squirea. His domestics were persons of consequence, for his cook wore a jerkin of satin or velvet, with a gold chain round his neck. When Wolsey rode forth, his comely figure was decked in silk or satin of the finest texture, and of the richest scarlet or crimson dye. His hat and gloves of scarlet, and his shoes silver gilt, inlaid with pearls and diamonds. His mule was trapped with crimson velvet, and his stirrups were of solid silver. And when it pleased the king's majesty for his recreation to visit him, 'the banquets were set forth with masks and mummeries in so gorgeous a sort and costly manner that it was heaven to behold,' writes his secretary, Cavendish. There were numerous dames and damsels meet or apt to dance with the gentlemen, and the whole night passed in banqueting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the king, if not to the credit of the cardinal.

A few years later the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk waited upon Wolsey in those very chambers to demand the Great Seal, and drive Wolsey from his house, which his royal master coveted.

Henry appropriated York Place, or, as it was then named, Whitehall, probably from the whiteness of the stone of which it was constructed, the usual building materials at that time being red brick and timber. The king added many beautiful and pleasant lodgings, buildings, and mansions, together with a tennis-court, bowling-alleys, and a cockpit, for his pastime and solace. From a stone gallery in front he reviewed 15,000 armed citizens in the Tilt Yard (now the Horse Guards), where jousts and tournaments were of constant occurrence. The Palace of Whitehall was seven years in building; and the old palace at Westminster being in utter ruin and decay after the fire, it was decreed that Whitehall and its pertinings should be called the Royal Palace at Westminster. Here Henry and Anne Boleyn were secretly married in a garret of the palace by Dr. Lee, Mrs. Savage, Anne's trainbearer, and two grooms of the chamber, only being present, the shabbiest royal wedding on record.

Holbein, whom the king had taken into the palace, designed a gatehouse for the Tilt Yard, and it remained (used sometimes as a State Paper Office) until 1750, being then known as the Cockpit Gate. It is told of Holbein, that having been annoyed by the continual intrusion of a nobleman, who I suppose favoured him with amateur advice about '*repainting that background and producing tone*,' he knocked his admirer, or critic, down stairs, and then sought the king's protection, telling him the whole story. The noble followed, but found the king defended the painter, and said, 'You have not to deal with Holbein now, but with me. Remember, of seven peasants I can make seven lords, but not one Holbein.' Henry collected many fine pictures, and made also munificent proposals to Raphael and Titian, but they were declined.

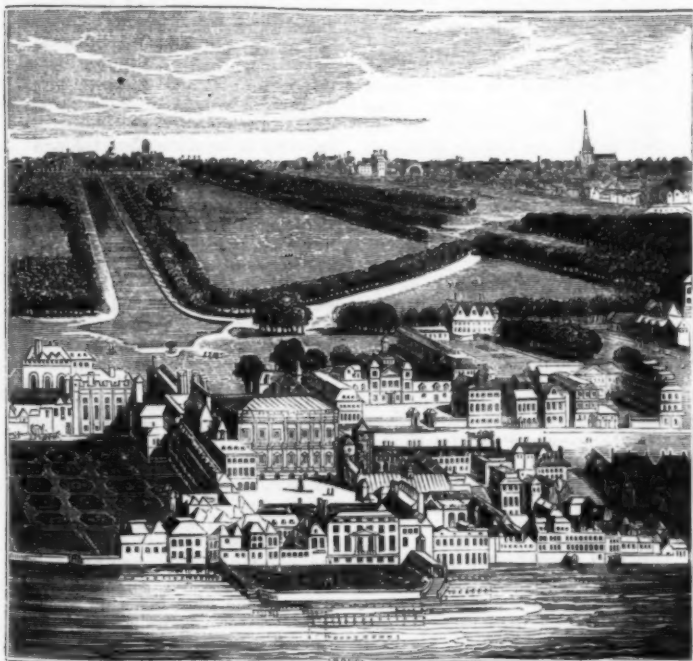
At Whitehall Henry VIII. was seized with his last sickness. So great was his fear of death, that several persons had been executed for saying he was dying; even his physicians would not tell him of his approaching end; nor would his

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courtiers, until Sir Anthony Denny undertook the task. Cranmer was sent for, but the king was speechless, and a grasp of the hand was the only answer to the archbishop's exhortation. Henry died on Thursday, January 28, 1546. Thursday was a fatal day to Henry and his posterity, as Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth all died on a Thursday.

Edward VI. held a parliament here; and Elizabeth was taken

thence on Palm Sunday a prisoner to the Tower; and when queen, here occurred much of her flirtation with the ill-used Duke of Anjou; and after they had parted at Canterbury, the queen taking a weeping farewell, she would not return to Whitehall for some time, because 'the place should not give cause of remembrance of him from whom she so unwillingly parted.' It was evidently 'a case' with the gentle



WHITEHALL IN THE REIGN OF JAMES I.

Eliza; and had the duke lived, there might have been another royal wedding at Whitehall. Hentzer, who visited England in 1598, has left an interesting account of his visit. He describes the queen (and in no spirit of detraction) as having a wrinkled face, red periwig, little eyes, hooked nose, skinny lips, and black teeth, yet listening still to the flattery of her courtiers concerning her beauty. We don't believe it—

quite. Her books, he says, were in the Greek, Latin, French, and Italian languages, and bound in velvet, with pearls and precious stones set on the binding, and with gold and silver clasps. Her writing materials were kept in two little silver cabinets; she wrote a beautiful hand, unlike Sidney Smith's, which was, he said, 'as if a swarm of ants, escaping from an ink bottle, had walked over a sheet of paper without wiping their

legs.' Her bed—Paul Hentzer was evidently a little of an Iachimo, or shall we say a Paul Pry?—her bedstead was of woods of divers colours, with quilts of gold, silver, silk, velvet, and embroidery. She had a little chest all over pearls, wherein she kept her most valuable jewels, and a piece of clock-work—an Ethiop riding a rhinoceros, with four attendants, who all made a bow when it struck the hour! In the Conduit Court, a Frenchman—the M. Blondin of the period—did feats upon a rope, and bears, bulls, and apes were baited before her in the Tilt Yard. On Wednesdays she had solemn dancing, Sir Christopher Hatton leading off, no doubt, as he had often done in the Temple Hall.

'But all that's bright must fade.'

and Whitehall was not exempt from change. On March 24, 1603, all that remained of our true English Elizabeth was brought here from Richmond, on its way to Westminster Abbey.

In the gardens of Whitehall James I. knighted 300 or 400 judges, serjeants, and doctors of law, Francis Bacon among the number. Here Lord Monteagle told Salisbury of the warning letter he had received of the Gunpowder Plot. Guy Fawkes was examined at Whitehall, in the king's bedchamber, and answered one of James's inquiries by saying, 'One of my objects was to blow Scotchmen back to Scotland.' Old Guy paid dearly for the jest.

Inigo Jones built the present Banqueting House, commenced in 1619, and completed in about two years. It cost 17,000*l.*, his own charges being 8*s.* 4*d.* a day as surveyor, and 4*l.* a year for house rent, clerk, and incidental expenses: so at those rates Inigo could hardly have been the architect of his own fortune. What would Sir Charles Barry have said to that? Nicholas Stone, the master mason, was paid 4*s.* 10*d.* a day. The Banqueting House is now a chapel; and here, on Maundy Thursday, the royal eleemosynary money—those pretty silver pennies and twopences—is distributed to poor and aged men and women. This fine building was

only a part of Inigo's grand design for a palace, which was to have covered twenty-four acres, or nearly twelve times the space of Buckingham Palace. The drawings are preserved at Worcester College, Oxford.

Many most glorious masques by Inigo Jones and Ben Jonson were performed at Whitehall—one cost 3000*l.*

Charles I. added to Henry's collection other pictures of immense value; but on the Civil War Parliament seized on Whitehall (1645), and sold great part of the paintings and statues, and burnt others.

Here, in the Cabinet Room, Charles I. prayed his last prayer in Whitehall. In the Horn Chamber he was delivered to the officers, and through an opening, broken in the wall at the north end, he was led to the scaffold in front of the Banqueting House, and at two o'clock in the afternoon beheaded. Lilly the astrologer asserts, on the authority of Richard Spavin, one of Cromwell's secretaries, that Colonel Joyce was the executioner.

Cromwell had the use of the Cockpit as a lodging, for some time, and to Whitehall he went with the keys of the House of Commons in his pocket, after dissolving the Long Parliament. When he was settled at Whitehall, he repurchased the cartoons, and many other pictures, which had been dispersed, and Evelyn found the palace very glorious, and well furnished. Cromwell's own diet was spare, and not curious, except on public treatments, which were given on every Monday to all officers not below a captain, when he used to dine with them, and a table was spread every day in the week for each officer who should casually come to court. He was a great lover of music, and respected all persons examinous (or eminent) in art. He was often jocund, and would order the drum to beat before dinner was half over, and call in his foot-guards to finish it; and a capital joke it was—for the foot-guards. Milton was then his secretary, and Andrew Marvel, and Waller, his friend and kinsman, were his constant guests, as also young Dryden. On the anniversa-

ries of his great victories at Worcester and Dunbar, Cromwell died (Sept. 3) at Whitehall, and lay in state at Somerset House. Richard Cromwell resided here during his brief exercise of power, and quitted it with only two old trunks, which contained, as he said, the lives and fortunes of all the good people of England—being the congratulatory addresses which had been showered upon him nine months before, when the good people of England thought he deserved them. The Rump Parliament would have sold Whitehall, Hampton Court, and Somerset

House, had not General Monk brought back Charles through the City to Whitehall, taking seven hours to perform the journey. Charles built a stone gallery, where Prince Rupert lodged in 1667, and in Privy Gardens, below it, were suites of apartments for the king's beauties. The Duchess of Portsmouth was very difficult to please, and her lodgings were altered and redecored twice or thrice.

Charles re-collected, by proclamation, the plate, hangings, pictures, and sculpture, which had been sold or stolen during the Commonwealth,



OLIVER CROMWELL'S HOUSE, WHITEHALL.

and the gardens were laid out in terraces and parterres, and ornamented with bronze, marble, and dials, a few of which are now at Hampton Court. One of those dials was damaged by a nobleman, and Andrew Marvel wrote—

'This place for a dial was too insecure,
And a guard and a garden could not defend;
For so near to the court they will never endure
Any witness to show how their time they
mispend.'

Misspent time, indeed, if we recall Evelyn's well-known description of the last Sunday evening Charles lived out in Whitehall. 'The king,'

he says, 'sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, Mazarin, &c., a French boy singing love-songs in those glorious galleries, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least 2000*l.* in gold before them:—six days after, all was dust.' What other History of the Court Life of Charles II. is needed?

James II. here washed the feet of the poor on Maundy Thursday; and was one day receiving Quaker Penn in his closet, and the next rebuilding the chapel for Roman wor-

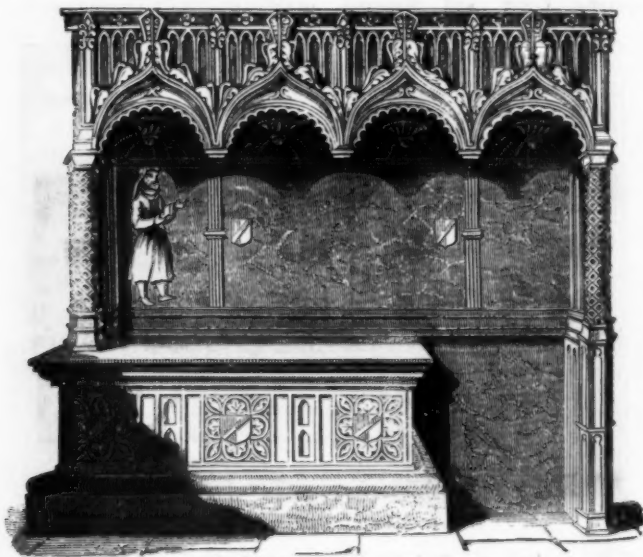
ship, and adorning it with statues. Grinling Gibbons and Verrio were the artists he employed.

When James quitted Whitehall for ever, his palace was soon to be nothing but walls and ruins. A lazy maidservant burning a candle from a pound, instead of cutting it (what does Mrs. Paterfamilias say to *that*?), caused a fire, which destroyed a great part of the palace. Six years later the laundry took fire, and all the pictures in the palace were destroyed, and twelve persons

perished. The site of the ruins was given away by the Crown—part to the Duke of Richmond.

On what was once Thorney Island stands Westminster Abbey, as left by the Confessor and Henry III.

Enter! The very walls are histories; and beneath our feet the past itself seems buried. Look around on every side until you lose the consciousness that all this solemn beauty is the work of man. Look until arise visions of kings and queens, with crowns and sceptres,



CHAUCEUR'S TOMB, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

surrounded by hosts of nobles in all their state and glory. Look, until darker visions come—of kings and queens, and nobles wrapped in sercloths, only to be remembered by benefits conferred or crimes committed, or upon still greater men, who have left to all who follow them legacies of great thoughts and ennobling deeds. So with a reverent bow, pass we on to the world without.

Thorney Island, on which the abbey stands, and the old palace of Westminster stood, is 470 feet long

and 370 broad. It was once enclosed within lofty stone walls, having gates—one at King Street (the principal gate); a second near New Palace Yard; a third, opening into Tothill Street; and a fourth near the mill, in College Street. The first Westminster Palace was a royal residence in the days of Canute, and was destroyed by fire in the time of Edward the Confessor, who rebuilt the palace, and died there, in an apartment known as St. Edward's Chamber, and afterwards as the Painted Chamber, when Henry III.

added to the building. When the old tapestry was removed from the walls of this room, at the commencement of the present century, the original paintings were discovered, consisting of sacred subjects, with some battle-pieces, very spiritedly painted, and most valuable as specimens of early art; but the authorities, as a matter of course, had them covered with whitewash, and ought to have been soused in baths of the same mixture for their imbecility. In this chamber the death-warrant of Charles I. was signed.

The old House of Lords was

another portion of the Confessor's palace, and the gunpowder treason of Guy Fawkes was concealed in the kitchen beneath. It was a kitchen, and not a cellar, for in 1828 the buttery hatch and ambry, or cupboard, were discovered—so perhaps wicked Guy may have gained admission on pretence of seeing the cook. This portion of the building was called the Little Hall, to distinguish it from the Great Hall, built by Rufus, for grand banquetings and feastings, on high festivals and coronations, and only ceased to be so used within our memory. Rufus,



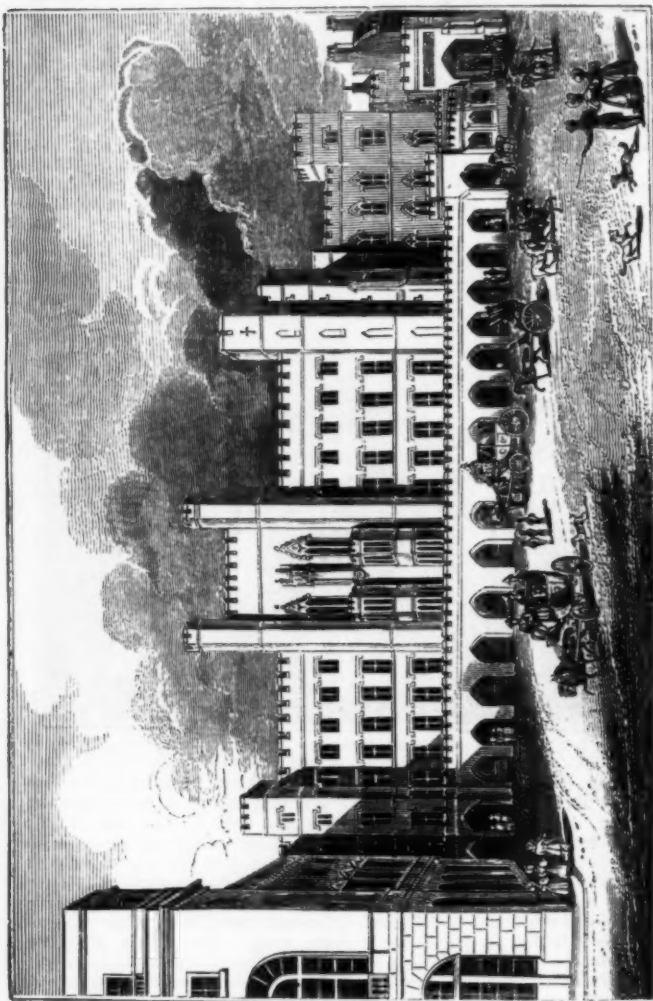
GUY FAWKES'S HOUSE, LAMBETH.

returning from Normandy, visited the New Hall at Westminster with a large military retinue. Some person remarked that it was too large—larger than it should have been. The king replied, 'that it was only a bedchamber in comparison with the building which he intended to make.' Rufus, no doubt, would have used the new clock tower as an eight-day clock, and the York and Nelson pillars as a pair of candlesticks. The arrow saved some trouble to the Mr. Gladstone of the period. And here Richard II. was at dinner when he heard that King Philip had entered Normandy. The

lion heart rose up and swore a deep oath that he would never turn away his face until he had met Philip; and as his back chanced to be to the door, they cut a hole through the wall to let the king out, on his way to Portsmouth—a very straightforward proceeding on the part of the king. The Little Hall was called Whitehall—not *the* Whitehall—and it was a Court of Requests in Henry VII.'s time. It was called Poor Man's Court (says Stow), because there he could have right without paying any money. What a pity it was ever abolished to make a House of Lords, where certainly

justice was not to be obtained upon such very easy terms. This house was destroyed by fire in 1834, when the beautiful tapestry, representing

the victories over the Spanish Armada, were burnt, and which had cost the brave Commander of the British fleet not less than 1,628*l.* of



THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. (Before the Fire in 1834.)

money in Elizabeth's time. The border was composed of the heads of the English commanders. The destruction of this remarkable piece

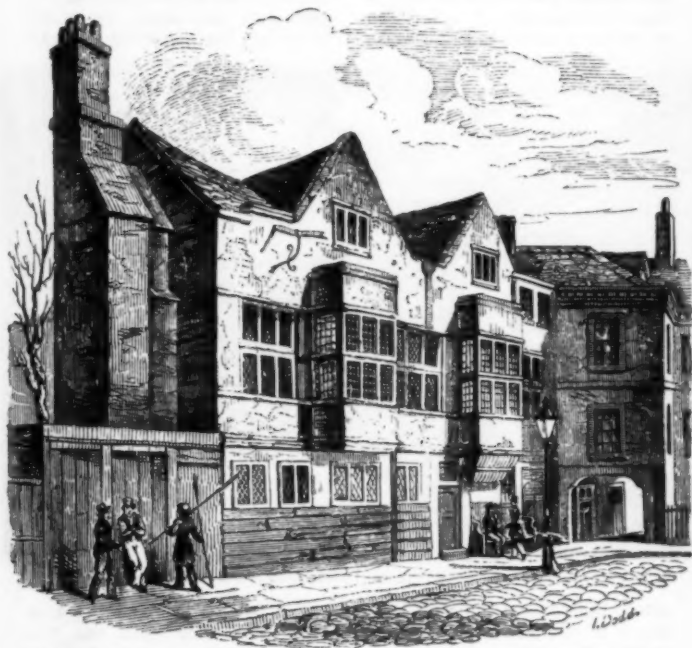
of work was one of the greatest losses by the fire.

Here, when the Black Prince, and the French king, his prisoner, came

to Westminster, Edward III. sat on his throne to receive the august captive. As John entered the hall, the king descended from his seat and embraced him, and led him to the banquet prepared for his entertainment.

In Richard II.'s time, the hall in part was rebuilt as we now see it, and the wonderful roof placed on it. It is composed of chestnut wood, and the vulgar believed that spiders

could not live there, thinking it made of Irish oak, which is supposed to possess a property adverse to those primitive weavers. During the rebuilding, Richard built a temporary wooden building, which was open on all sides (an effective mode of ventilation worthy the attention of Dr. Reid), that constituents might see what was going on, and, as Pennant remarks, 'to secure freedom of debate, he surrounded



THE STAR CHAMBER AND EXCHEQUER BUILDINGS AT WESTMINSTER. (Destroyed by Fire, 1834.)

the house with four thousand Cheshire archers, with bows bent and arrows notched ready to shoot.' The votes of supply must have passed with a rapidity which a modern Chancellor of the Exchequer must envy. When Richard II. renounced his crown in this hall, Henry IV. stood forward and claimed succession as descended from the third Harry.

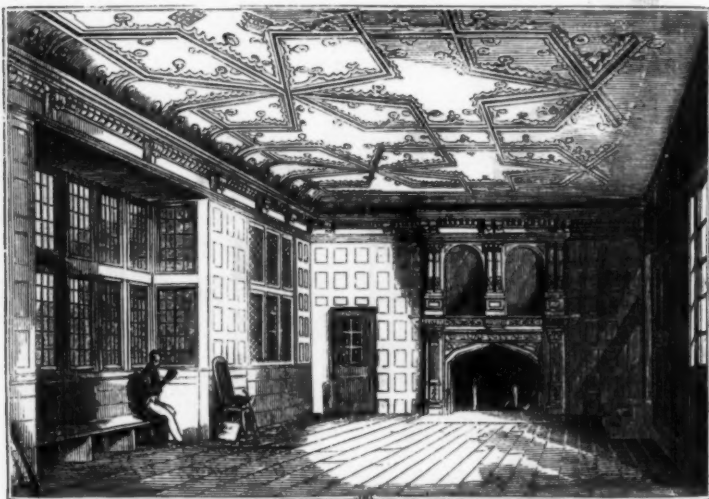
St. Stephen's Chapel was built by the king of that name, and twice

rebuilt, the last time by the Second and Third Edwards. When the chapel was fitted up for the Commons, in Edward VI.'s time, the walls were wainscoted, a new floor raised above, and a new ceiling placed below the original one, so that the beautiful paintings—and they were beautiful—and other artistic embellishments, of what are called the dark ages, were preserved, and revealed in 1800, when the side

walls of the chapel were taken down to make room for the Commons at the time of the Union. Many of the paintings were in oil, and, of course, representing scriptural subjects. There exists a royal order, dated 1350, for impressment of painters and others for these very works. The walls, as was seen, had been originally adorned with sculpture, richly decorated in colour and gilding, and the windows had been filled with stained glass, thus showing a high development of art. The cloisters were added by Henry VIII.,

and vied in splendour with the neighbouring mausoleum of Henry VII. The poet Chaucer was appointed Clerk of the Works, and resided in the precincts and on the very site of Henry VII.'s Chapel.

Thrice had fire vanquished the old palace, the last being when Henry VIII. was driven to seek shelter in York Place (*the White-hall*), and from that time the old palace ceased to be a royal residence, remaining for a long time in utter ruin and decay, the Great Hall with the courts of law and



INTERIOR OF THE STAR CHAMBER, WESTMINSTER. (Before the Fire, 1834.)

some other offices excepted. The courts of law were, as you know, originally, in fact, the 'King's Court,' and the king presided in person, the bench being his seat, until the inconvenience of the judges following the Court became so great, they were permanently settled at the king's chief residence, the Palace of Westminster. That terrible institution, the Star Chamber, the terror and abhorrence of the people of England, and for whose destruction we owe the Commonwealth a deep debt of gratitude, whose decrees over-rode law and liberty, was at Westminster, and the building so

named, erected in Elizabeth's time on the site of an older one, was pulled down in the present century. Its name is thought by Sir Thomas Smith to have come either because it was full of windows, or because the first roof was decked with images of stars gilded—Blackstone says from its being a place of deposit for contracts of the Jews, called *starra*, or stars, from the Hebrew *shetar*.

How many changes of scenes and actors have occurred in that old hall besides those already named! Here Sir William Wallace was tried and condemned; Sir Thomas More

and Protector Somerset were doomed to the scaffold; the murderers of Sir Thomas Overbury, the notorious Earl and Countess of Somerset, were tried here, and here also the great Earl of Strafford was condemned, when 'none was more a looker-on than he,' the king being present and the Commons sitting bareheaded, and here Charles I. sat covered, the colours taken at Naseby above his head, arraigned for treason to his people, before the counsellors of the Commonwealth, and Lilly, the astrologer, saw the golden top fall from the king's staff—an omen of what followed. Here, on June 26th, 1653 (to the Naseby banners were added those taken at Worcester, Preston, and Dunbar), Oliver Cromwell came—the Lord Mayor bearing the City sword before him—and was inaugurated Protector under a prince-like canopy of state, with the Bible, sword, and sceptre of the Commonwealth before him. Seven years later, at that hall-gate, Charles II. was proclaimed, and upon the south gable were set up the heads of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw—Cromwell's remained there twenty years. Here James II.'s seven bishops were acquitted, and in 1745 Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat were condemned.

Here Warren Hastings was impeached, and the last public trial in the hall itself was Lord Melville's, in 1806.

Booksellers, who were first migratory, like hawkers, and then became known as *stationarii*, from having booths or stalls at the corners of streets, in market and other public places exposed their wares, as did sempstresses and milliners, in Westminster Hall, and the revenues were received by the Warden of the Fleet Prison; but the poor scholars of Westminster were allowed to sell books here without charge. Not many years ago, fellows frequented the courts to be hired as witnesses, and carried straws in their shoes to show their infamous profession.

Old Palace Yard has been the scene of many popular executions. The front of the scaffold was usually towards the hall. Among others, Guy Fawkes, Winter, Rookwood,

and Keyes, for the Gunpowder Plot; Lord Sanquar, for procuring the assassination of Turner, a fencing master, in Fleet Street, and whose hanging Lord Bacon declared to be the most exemplary piece of justice in any king's reign. Here, in 1618, the gallant, noble, brave Sir Walter Raleigh was executed, on a sentence found fourteen years before. 'What dost thou fear? Strike, man!' were his last words to the executioner. Here Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton stood, one June day (30th, 1637), in the pillory, when Bastwick's wife received his ears in her apron and kissed them. And here the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Holland, and Lord Capel lost their heads.

In New Palace Yard, the open space before the north entrance of the hall, were two interesting structures—the conduit which flowed with wine for all comers, on occasions of great festivities—something like a drinking-fountain! and the lofty clock-tower, erected out of a fine inflicted on one of the Chief Justices of the King's Bench, for making a rasure of a court-roll, and reducing a poor man's fine from 13s. 4d. to 6s. 8d. The clock struck hourly, and was intended to remind the judges of the fate of their brother, and teach lawyers the difference of value between 13s. 4d. and 6s. 8d.

In the Chapter-house of the Abbey, on the right, the Commons of England first sat as a separate body from the Lords; and, upon one occasion, when they became riotous, and created a turmoil (a Congress, in fact), the abbot waxed wroth, and turned out the legislative wisdom bodily, and vowed the place should not be again defiled with such rabble.

The last coronation procession that passed through Palace Yard to banquet in the Great Hall, was George IV.'s. We knew a little boy, for there were little boys when we were young, though now-a-days, we believe, there are only children and 'young fellahs,' who was sent to bed at seven o'clock on the eve of that ceremony, 1821, and who scarcely slept a wink until he was waited upon at twelve o'clock, and

then dressed in a plum-coloured suit, and the collar of his shirt turned back over his shoulders. This little boy was taken in a coach to Palace Yard; deposited in a house with scaffolding in front, and shown afterwards into a room, dimly lighted by candles. He was told to keep himself quiet, but the glimpses he had of a platform stretching from the hall to the abbey, whose fretted work was all a-glow in the light of

many fires, round which were seated soldiers in their great-coats, their arms piled and glittering in the fire-light also, kept the little boy wide awake and in considerable excitement. At the early hour of five he took in the dim room, on the recommendation of another little boy, what the late Mr. Robson called 'a glass of very excellent sherry,' and found, on emerging into daylight, that his head had been con-



OLD CLOCK HOUSE, WESTMINSTER. (From a Print by Hollar.)

verted into a humming-top, and only returned again to its natural state in the dim room, so that our little friend came to the conclusion, that when the ceremony of the day took place, he should not be able to see it. The fates were more propitious; and he saw twenty Life-guardsmen, with laurel in the scales of their breastplates, and with swords drawn, ride around an open carriage, in which sat Queen Caroline and Alderman Wood! A surging mob was in the distance, shout-

ing and groaning alternately, and the little boy thought that a civil war had broken out, and was coming into Palace Yard. He saw the queen go away as she had come, having been refused admission to the old hall, and felt very much relieved by the proceedings. After a while, red lines of soldiers took their stand beside the platform, and real officers on horseback rode about doing an immensity of nothing. Trumpets and drums! Trumpets and drums! began braying and

bumping on all sides, and beef-eaters and heralds, and other splendid beings connected with the court, marched past, preceding the 'first gentleman in Europe,' with a crown of diamonds on his head, and a golden canopy over that, and a velvet train, a gold-embroidered behind, supported by noble young pages with feathers in their caps. That was King George IV. on the way to take dinner in the hall, after he had been crowned in the abbey. Then came Lord Castlereagh, with such a plume of feathers in his hat, that forty years have not removed them from the mental eyes of the little boy, they were so tremendous! Then there was the Champion of England, Mr. Dymock, in real armour, and mounted on a beautiful white charger, and he rode into the hall to challenge all the king's enemies, so the little boy was told, and he wished at that moment that he could have been his second. And then the little boy and his tempter went back into the dim room, and drank the king's health with three times three, and that is all the little boy remembers of the last coronation procession that passed into old Westminster Hall, little thinking that he should live to tell the little story here to-day.

We will pass at once through the beautiful gate of small square stone and flint boulder, glazed and tessellated—with its terra-cotta busts, naturally coloured, and gilt—designed by Holbein, and used until 1750 as a State-paper office, until it was pulled down to widen the street, and so enter St. James's Park. It may not be amiss to pause a minute at the Admiralty,* considered to be, without flattery, the ugliest building in Her Majesty's service—and that is saying a great deal—the site of Wallingford House, from whose roof Bishop Usher saw King Charles led to the scaffold, and swooned at the sight. Most of our kings, save the Conqueror, had vessels of war; and as early as 1297 the records speak of a William de Laybourn as *Amiral*

de la Mer, or First Lord of the Admiralty. It is usual to suppose that Henry VII. provided our first State Navy, but he did little more than build the Great Harry. It was his son, Harry VIII., who perfected the designs of his father. He instituted Admiralty and Navy Offices, the Trinity House, and made the sea service a distinct profession, leaving at his death a navy of 12,000 tons, including the *Henri Grace de Dieu*, of 1000 and more. These ships were high, unwieldy, and narrow, with lofty poops and prows; and one, the *Mary Rose*, 'a goodly ship of the largest size,' Raleigh says, her ports being within sixteen inches of the water, capsized at Spithead in swinging in presence of the king. Most of the officers and crew were drowned. In Elizabeth's reign such lubberly craft as the *Mary Rose* received but little improvement; but the pay of the seamen was increased from 5s. to 10s. per month; and the London merchants encouraged to build ships convertible into men-of-war on emergency. Of the 176 ships and 15,000 men which met the Spanish Armada, a considerable number were not 'ships royal.' The first great impulse given towards making us a nation of mariners was when Frobisher departed for the Northern Seas, and Queen Bess, the prototype of Black-eyed Susan, bade 'Adieu! Adieu!' and waved her lily hand to him and his gallant crew—their example to be followed by other enterprising men, and hardly as the oak which bore them. James I. made a considerable advance in the construction of vessels, and employed Phineas Pett, the scientific shipbuilder, who relieved the vessels of much of their top hamper. Frobisher was the first Englishman who tried to find a north-west passage to China (1576). Frobisher's Straits are named after him. He returned to England, bringing with him a quantity of black ore supposed to contain gold, and this circumstance induced money-loving Elizabeth to fit out a second expedition, which proved unsuccessful. Frobisher was killed at the taking of Brest, 1594.

But avast!—I believe that is the

* The present screen was erected by the Brothers Adams to conceal the ugliness of the building. Lord Nelson lay in state in one of the apartments, Jan. 8, 1806.

proper word—or we shall drift out to sea, instead of taking a peep at the Horse Guards, on the site of the old Tilt Yard, and then away to St. James's Park, originally a swampy field belonging to St. James's Hospital, and which Henry VIII. attached to the buildings of Whitehall, when he took up his abode at the Hospital, and converted it into a royal palace, of which only the old gate remains. During the reigns of Elizabeth and the two first Stuarts little was done for the Park. It was merely a nursery for deer; and at one time a small royal menagerie (Evelyn), containing, amongst other animals, two Balearian cranes, one with a wooden leg, made by a soldier, occupied the inward Park. From St. James's Palace to Whitehall walked Charles I. (Jan. 30, 1648-9) on the way to death, and is said to have pointed to a tree planted by his brother Henry, near Spring Gardens. The Council of the Commonwealth once proposed to cut down the living gallery of aged trees in St. James's Park, and sell them, so that no footsteps of monarchy might remain unviolated. They were spared, however; and beneath them Cromwell asked Whitelock, 'What if a man should take upon him to be king?' and was told, in reply, 'That the remedy would be worse than the disease.' The answer, no doubt, closed the conversation.

Charles II. added thirty-six acres to the Park, and had it greatly improved and ornamented by Le Nôtre. Evelyn and Pepys have left many records of the alterations then effected, and tell how there, for a wager, before the king, Lords Castlehaven and Arran run down and killed a stout buck: how, for 1000*l.*, the Western and Northern men wrestled before his Majesty, and large sums were betted, the Western men winning. 'In a smooth hollow walk, covered with powdered cockle shells, to make it bind, planted with trees on both sides, having at each end an iron hoop depending from an arm of a long pole, through which a ball was struck,' the game of Pall Mall was played by king and nobles. Here Cibber saw King Charles ca-

ressing his dogs and feeding his ducks, to the delight of his loving people; and virtuous Evelyn was shocked to note 'familiar discourse between the king and Mistress Nelly, as they called an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on the top, and the king standing on the green walk beneath,' part of which remains by the wall of Marlborough House; and amongst the list of Nelly's debts was the account for making this green mound, and also her sedan chair (34*l.*), and her silver bedstead, which cost over 1100*l.*

Here, in Birdcage Walk, was a pleasant aviary, the keeper, Edward Storey, living at Storey's Gate; and here, in the inward Park, was the Decoy, or Duck Island, with withy pots for the wild fowl to lay their eggs in. Here, in winter, Pepys, for the first time in his life, saw the people sliding with the skates, and which he thought a very pretty art—the King and Court looking on, no doubt as they did when Evelyn was a spectator also.

The Park was a sanctuary from arrest, and traitorous expressions used there were severely punished. One Francis Head was whipped from Charing Cross to the Haymarket, fined, and imprisoned, for wishing James III. a long and prosperous reign; and a soldier, for drinking the Duke of Ormond's health, and hoping soon to wear his right master's cloth, was whipped in the Park. The Duke of Wharton was seized by a guard for singing a Jacobite song—

'The king shall have his own again;'

and Richard Harris, for throwing an orange at the king, was sent to Bedlam—a proper punishment for the 'man's first disobedience, and the fruit.' Aubrey tells a rather uncomfortable story of one Evans, who had a fungous nose. One day, he seized the king's hand, rubbed his nose with it, and was cured—having previously kissed his royal pocket handkerchief. 'The king was disturbed.' We should fancy so!

At the death of Charles, the Park was deserted by royalty, but continued to be frequented by the peo-

ple; and here, in summer, the fashion of the day walked for two hours after dinner. Tom Browne mentions: 'Bareheaded beaux, French fops, clusters of senators, belles in sacks and powder; whilst the milk-women cried, "A can of fresh milk, ladies. A can of red cow's milk, sir, if you please."' We have often tasted it when a boy, and a cow or two still stand near Spring Gardens.

Spring Gardens was a place of entertainment in Charles I.'s and Charles II.'s time. It had its pheasantry, bowling-green, boxes, bathing-pond, dark alleys, and derived its name from a concealed spring to a jet of water which wetted whoever trod upon it. A six shilling ordinary—though the king's proclamation allowed but two shillings to be charged elsewhere, and there was continual bibbing and drinking all day, and two or three quarrels a week. It was more than once suppressed for its irregularities, and New Spring Gardens, or Vauxhall, opened in its stead.

* Now Drummonds stands where gardens once did spring,
And wild ducks quack where grasshoppers did sing.'

The Mulberry Gardens were planted by James I., and were originally intended to breed silkworms. It became a place of pleasant entertainment, and occupied the site of Buckingham Palace.

'A princely palace on that space doth rise,
Where Sodley's noble muse found mulberries.'

On the south-east side, from Henry VIII.'s time, was Rosamond's Pond, a place of assignation, according to the old comedies of Congreve, Farquhar, and Colley Cibber. It derived its name, it is said, from the number of silly boys and girls who drowned themselves for love—cold water being a capital extinguisher of flames, either of fire or love. Hogarth painted a picture of this pond for the small charge of 1*l.* 7*s.*, the receipt for the same existing in Mrs. Hogarth's handwriting. The pond was filled up in 1770. George Colman the younger was born at the south-eastern corner of Rosamond's Pond; and near it, in Petty France, is Milton's Garden House, when he

was Cromwell's secretary, and before his blindness. Hazlitt lived there, and entertained Haydon, Charles Lamb, and his poor sister, and all sorts of odd people, in a large room, wainscotted.

Beneath a tent on the Parade of St. James's Park was placed the funeral car of Arthur Duke of Wellington, and down the Mall and past Buckingham Palace passed in procession of solemn grandeur, never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

The space between Charing Cross and St. James's appears to have been fields about 1560, and down this road Sir Thomas Wyatt marched, hard by the Court-gate of St. James's to Whitehall. Where Carlton House stood were, in Henry's VI.'s time, some monastic buildings belonging to the monks of Westminster, and called 'The Rookery;' and there, when the buildings were demolished at the Reformation, a secret smithy was discovered, used by Henry VI. for the practice of alchemy. Near here Erasmus lived.

Carlton House, with its gardens, wood-work, and wilderness, and which extended from the open space in Regent Street, where stands the York Column, to Marlborough House, belonged to Frederick Prince of Wales, father of George III., and he added a bowling-green, grottoes, and statuary to the garden. The Prince died at Kew in 1751, and the Princess at Carlton House in 1772. The first house was red brick, but George IV. cased it with stone, and added an Ionic screen and a Corinthian portico, the pillars of which were transferred to the National Gallery when Carlton House was pulled down.*

We remember the admiration excited by the tall porter of George IV., who allowed himself to be looked at

* The first purchase of pictures by the Government for the National Gallery was Mr. Angerstein's collections for 57,000*l.*—about forty in number. The collection has been greatly increased, since 1822, by gifts from Sir G. Beaumont, Mr. Holwell Carr, the British Institution, and other donors. The edifice in Trafalgar Square, designed by Mr. Wilkins, was opened in 1838.

—framed in the lodge doorway—once a day; he was the most tremendous 'proud young porter' we have ever seen.

The street which now bears the name of Pall Mall was occasionally called Catherine Street in Charles II.'s time. The houses on the south side had gardens looking to the Park, and divided from it by the mound on which Mistress Nelly Gwynne stood to talk to the king. Her house was on the site of No. 79, and when first presented to her was only a leasehold. The conveyance of a free message from Nelly to the king, however, procured it to be a freehold, and it is now the only freehold on the south, or park-side, of Pall Mall. The looking-glass which has often reflected Nelly's pretty face now hangs in the visitors' dining-room of the Army and Navy Club. On the north side was a row of trees, 140 in number. Bubb Doddington and Lady Griffin—terrible name!—who was seized for putting treasonable letters into the false bottoms of two large brandy-bottles—filled with a treasonable spirit no doubt—lived here. At Marlborough House—built by Wren for the great Duke of Marlborough, upon part of the pheasantry of St. James's, at a cost, the duchess says, of 40,000*l.* or 50,000*l.*—the great warrior died. The duchess intended to have made a grand entrance into Pall Mall, but Walpole, to annoy her, bought the requisite houses in Pall Mall, and shut her grace in. The duchess delighted to call the king 'Neighbour George,' and once received the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs sitting up in bed. Marlborough House was bought for Prince Leopold on his union with the Princess Charlotte, who, it may be remembered, escaped before her marriage from a house in Warwick Street, Cockspur Street (a gloomy place, we remember it), and went in a hackney coach to her mother. Marlborough House is now settled on the Prince of Wales.

George IV. proposed to connect Carlton House, Marlborough House, and St. James's by a gallery of

National Portraits, but Mr. Nash built out the idea, and Carlton House was deserted.

Schomberg House, built in 1650, and enlarged and beautified by the son of the Duke of Schomberg (killed at the Battle of the Boyne 1690), is still preserved, though divided into two or three tenements. Formerly it was a fair mansion enclosed with a garden, and at the Restoration was inhabited by several Court favourites. The Duke of Cumberland—he of Culloden—died here (1760); Astley, the artist and 'beau,' and Cosway, the miniature painter, lived in Pall Mall, as did also Gainsborough, who died in a second-floor room, having been reconciled to Sir Joshua Reynolds. His last words were, 'We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the party.'

There is a story told of the celebrated Dr. Sydenham, which it is now difficult to realize. He was sitting at his window smoking his pipe, and with a silver pot before him. A thief seized the pot and ran into Bond Street, and was lost amongst the bushes—the thief, no doubt, rejoicing at his pot-luck.

An impostor named Psalmanazar also lived in Pall Mall, and invented a language which he said was that of Formosa, and deceived many of the wise men of the east and of the west, who, by-the-by, are generally to be bought very great bargains, and would possibly have reviewed a Grammar of the Gorillas.

At the King's Arms, in Pall Mall, the Liberty or Rump Steak Club (not to be confounded with the existing club of that name established by Rich and his scene-painter Lambert, 1735), was held, every member a peer, and in opposition to Walpole.

The Haymarket, when it was opened in Elizabeth's time, comprised only a few houses and hedges, and where—since 1791, when the present Opera House was opened, 'Semiramide,' 'Lucrezia Borgia,' and 'Norma' have held sway—'washing was taken in.' We shall return to this locality presently.

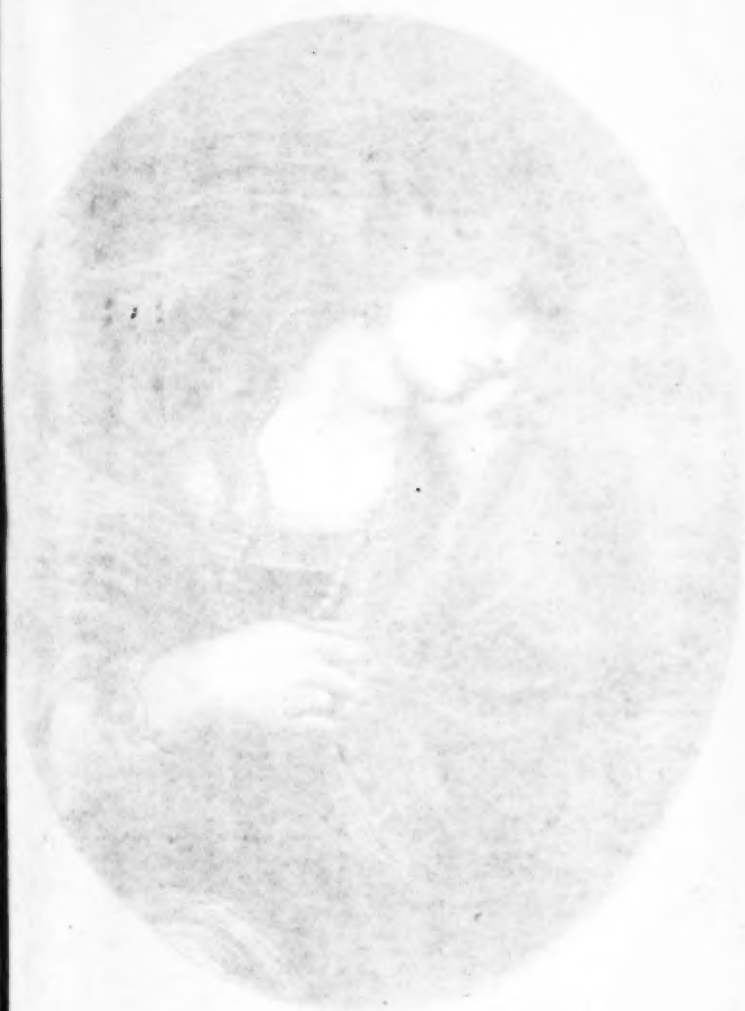


Fig. 1. Drawing of a seated figure.

11

1911-1912

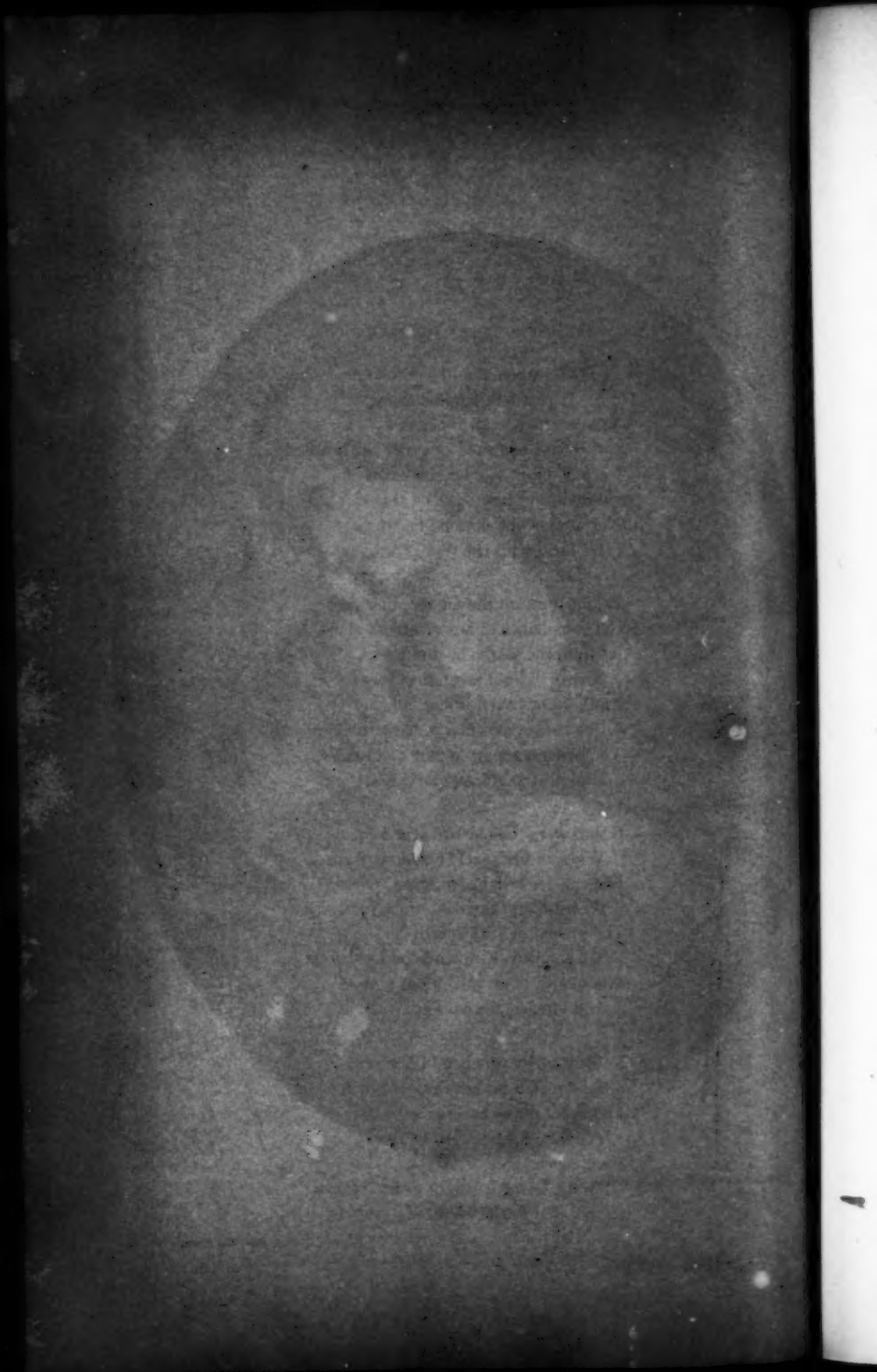
1911-1912



From a Drawing by Gustave Doré.]

VENICE.

[See the Poem.]



VENICE.

(ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.)

AGAIN upon the lips of men
 It passes, a familiar word,
 VENETIA!—poetry of names—
 Sweetest and saddest earth has heard;
 Once, noblest, too, for she has shone
 Single and lustrous as a star,
 Nor always one portending woe,
 Or lurid with the reek of war.

Bright through the far receding past
 The radiance of her greatness glows,
 As from the marge of sunlit seas,
 A path of light ascending goes;
 And glorious even in her fall,
 She shines, as when in western skies
 The blooming purple faints and fades,
 And all the golden glory dies.

Grand were the old barbaric days
 When in her regal splendour throned
 She ruled,—a light-effulging sphere,
 By tributary kingdoms zoned;
 The Cleopatra of the earth
 She revelled then, while on her breast
 The wealth of all the Orient glowed
 And blinded the adoring West.

Noble those days when in her pride
 She brook'd no bridegroom but the sea,
 And in its rough embraces caught
 The fatal longing—to be free!
 Fatal, since Despotisms yet
 Shrank from that light of later times,
 Or saw and hated what they saw,
 And held it heaviest of crimes.

Oh! saddest spectacle of earth,—
That queenly brow the common scorn,
Its grandeur wholly passed away,
Its beauty utterly forlorn!
A desolation as of death
Has stricken to that royal heart,—
What but a memory is her fame?
Where in the present is her part?

And for the future? years will die,
And years on years, revolving moons
Will gild her lion's shadowy wings,
And tremble in her still lagunes.
But never will the hour return
That yields her back her ancient reign,
And never will the nations bend
In homage at her feet again.

The past is past. No second prime,
No second summer beauty knows,
And she, the fallen, the forlorn,
Has but her memories and her woes;
No gleams of freedom stir her heart,
No visions of recovered power,—
Only her beauty cannot die,
And it and sorrow are her dower.

W. S.



THE CRUISE OF THE 'APHRODITE.'

'Be you come for the "Half-rotted," sir?' Such was the question addressed to Gus Maltre and myself, as the train stopped, on an afternoon in September, 1863, at the Harwich platform.

Now Gus and I had been rather soured by the latter part of our journey. We had started with every chance of comfort; and our long experience of the Great Eastern Railway had induced us to be very thankful for so remarkable a prospect. And for a time all had gone well. We had had no fish, single ladies, or old gentlemen in our carriage; the train was only two hours late, and we had beguiled the time with much pleasant conversation and tobacco. Our friend Marling had asked us to take a cruise with him in his schooner-yacht; and as we had always understood that she was the finest vessel that ever floated—not one of your gimcrack craft, but a thorough comfortable, sea-going schooner; as we knew Marling to be the most genial soul that ever lived—and withal, so good a sailor that his yacht bore the reputation of being handled better than any frigate in Her Majesty's navy—we had found much to talk over and to congratulate ourselves upon.

Gus had gone to look after the luggage, when a burly, thick-set, blue man, with a burly, thick-set, blue face, came up to me and asked the question—

'Be you for the Half-rotted?'

'No,' said I, confidently, and in the innocence of my heart, but not without some wonderment at the names current in Harwich. At that moment Gus returned, to whom I repeated the question. He too wondered for a moment, and then burst into a loud laugh. 'The Half-rotted!' said he; 'my opinion is that this concerns us; remember sailors are phonetic as to spelling. Here, my man!'

The blue man returned.

'How do you spell it?'

The blue-faced being driven into a corner, scratched his head, but did not at first succeed in producing

anything from it. At length he turned towards a distant corner, where lounged another blue mass, and called out—

'Here, you Dick!' You Dick lumbered up to where we stood, in a shamefaced sort of way, and sulkily touched his hat. He was a black-browed, sunken-eyed fellow, with a deep scar on his forehead, and would not at first sight have been taken for an amiable man; but he was too much for Gus, who sat down on a friendly packing-case, and held his sides in convulsions of laughter.

It was all a mystery to me. I looked from Gus to 'you Dick,' and from you Dick to Gus, in mystification. Gus at length took pity on me, and pointed at the cause of his laughter. I followed his finger, and the mystery was solved. On Dick's breast was embroidered in red letters APHRODITE.

'Didn't I tell you they were phonetic?' he gasped: 'so they are; only instead of spelling according to sound, they sound according to spelling—"Aphrodite," and "Half-rotted"—don't you see?' He went off into more convulsions, and very nearly fell under the engine. This time I joined him, to the disgust of our blue friend, who now stood revealed as Burries, first mate and chief disagreeable of Marling's schooner.

'Ah! I ain't much of a scholar,' he grumbled, 'but that's the way they spell that—that I dow know. Here, you Dick! can't you take the gentlemen's things?' And Dick incontinently shouldered our four heavy portmanteaus (each of which had been charged for as extra luggage, as being overweight), and led the way out of the station.

A short pull took us on board the Aphrodite, which lay with her folded white wings, like a beautiful seabird at rest on the water. Marling was at the gangway to welcome us, looking, in his rough pilot-coat and tarpaulin hat, every inch a sailor; while his easy, graceful bearing and gentle manners, equally proclaimed

him every inch a gentleman; and, in fact, he was both—a gentleman-sailor, which is what no other country than England can produce. We had much to talk of. Marling first insisted on showing us the various improvements he had made in the vessel—how he had taken two feet off the mast; how he had replaced his old standing-rigging by wire; how he had 'shifted his weights,' so that she was to sail twice as well. And then we had to examine the new patent anchor—(which I am bound to say was very ugly, and not at all like the emblem of hope we had been used to), and the improved binnacle, and a most complicated American windlass—all of which we duly admired, in the most profound ignorance of their merits. We were better able to appreciate the comfort and refinement of the cabins, which were a succession of luxurious boudoirs, panelled with looking-glasses, rich with crimson silk, and surrounded with couches, soft and inviting. There were three sleeping-cabins—one quite aft, opening on to the companion, and appropriated to my use; next to that the main-cabin, serving as dining and drawing-room, and occupying the whole breadth of the vessel; and then two more sleeping-berths, for Marling himself and Maltre. Forward of those, again, were the pantry and the fore-castle, where the crew (six in number, with Burries), lived and slept. I have, as will be seen, a reason for describing the situation of the cabins. Had they been differently arranged or had I slept in any other than the aftermost, I might never have lived to write this account.

Early on the next morning we weighed anchor, and dropped down with the ebb before a light breeze, only just enough to give sufficient command of the ship to take her out of the harbour—the entrance to which, as Marling informed us, is one of the nastiest pieces of navigation he knows. We were all there, standing together, Marling steering, and were talking with the most pleasing anticipation of our prospects in the trip we had just com-

menced, which was nothing less than a cruise to the Mediterranean. We spoke low, for Marling had not let the men into the secret of our destination, being sure, as he said, that if he had done so, the crew would have left him to a man, so averse are the sailors of these parts to long voyages. He proposed to tell them only when we should be well clear of the land, when they must perforce reconcile themselves to it.

For several days nothing of note disturbed our enjoyment. The weather was delightful, though somewhat cold; the wind favoured us, and our only occupation the livelong day was inhaling ozone, eating and drinking, and pitying the lot of the fog-beridden Londoners we had left behind us. On the fifth day, Marling called the men together, and told them he was bound for 'the Straits' and beyond, and hoped they would do their duty and behave well, which, he said, would not be forgotten in their wages on arriving home again. The announcement of a long voyage appeared to produce a very unfavourable impression among the crew, who looked at each other sulkily, and the ill-favoured Dick even made a few steps forward, and glanced furtively from out the corners of his eyes at Marling, as though about to speak; but apparently he thought better of it, for he walked forward again with the rest of the crew, who collected together on the windlass, talking over the matter. Burries was steering; but his eye wandered ever and anon from the binnacle to the group forward, where loomed the gigantic Dick, taller by a head and shoulders than the rest. At last he spoke—not to Marling, but to me, whom, as being the most essential landsman of the party, he had taken under his especial patronage—

'That there Dick is a scholar, he is—he can read and write.'

I did not see the application of the remark, so said nothing; and Burries relapsed into an alternate contemplation of the crew and the binnacle. Burries was a dull, heavy, slow-moving, Suffolk-bred animal, but there was, as I thought,

something very honest about his face. Again he spoke—

'I don't know much about that there, I don't. He come from the North Country, he dew—Liverpool or somewheres.'

I puzzled in vain over the meaning of these enigmatic assertions, and got out of the difficulty by asking what he thought of the weather. He gave a low-spirited look to windward, and replied that he 'didn't like the look of that bank, he didn't.' This was pleasing and reassuring, for, having been instructed in the ways of Burries, I knew that in all his opinions he was so invariably wrong, that he was as good a guide as if he had been always right. Marling was quite pleased, when he came up to take his observation, to learn that Burries was desponding, and foretold a long spell of fair weather and favourable winds. And so indeed it turned out.

The next morning the wind fell, and for two days we had almost a calm, and the vessel lay rolling with the long Atlantic swell, making scarce any way at all. Then a fresh breeze sprung up, and we 'took in our kites' and flew before it at the rate of ten knots an hour, the *Aphrodite* going, as Marling said, 'as comfortably as an old shoe.'

On the following Thursday night—the wind was still right astern, and we were off the coast of Spain—I was lying asleep in my berth, when I was all at once dimly conscious of being disturbed in my rest by a trampling and scuffling. I was dreaming of a battle, and heard shouts and oaths, and cries for help; and I thought I was looking on, but with a sort of feeling that I ought to take a part in the fray. Then for a moment I fell off from my dream, and sunk again to sleep; but soon I heard another fight and a louder shout; and this time I half awoke, still with that same uncomfortable feeling that I was somehow concerned in the struggle. Another shout. This time I quite awoke. The shout was repeated. There was a trampling in Marling's cabin, mixed with curses and blows. I jumped from my berth and rushed forward. For a moment I stood

dazed and confused at the scene before me. Marling lay half out of his berth, bleeding from a wound in his head, while over him stood two men, one holding a lantern, and the other binding him with a rope. I rushed forward and planted a blow, straight out from the shoulder, on the ear of the man with the lantern. Never shall I forget the sensation of devilish pleasure with which I felt my fist go home. He fell like an ox, with his head in the fender, and I was turning to the other man, when I was suddenly seized from behind in a grasp of iron. In a second, I was down on my back; and, looking up, I saw over me the diabolical face of Dick, who was kneeling on my chest. Uttering the most frightful imprecations, he began to tie my hands together. I struggled hard; but such was his weight that I was powerless; and in a very short time I was lying on the floor, bound hand and foot. Then, for the first time, I tried to gather my ideas together. In vain. I was amazed; my brain was in a whirl; I could not take in the events of the last few minutes. But my eyes fell on the man I had knocked down; and I felt a savage pleasure to see that the blood was trickling down his forehead, and that he lay quite motionless.

Dick, having secured Marling, now came back to me and shook his fist in my face, with a scowl that rendered his features so incredibly repulsive, that I involuntarily shut my eyes, not from fear, but from repulsion. The two then carried me into my berth, and locked the door which separated me from Marling. I opened my mouth to speak; but Dick broke in without giving me time:

'None of your jaw. I tell you what it is; we don't mean to go to the Straits; and we've just taken the ship into our own hands.—D'ye hear?

At this I broke out—

'You infernal scoundrel! you shall suffer for this when we get to England. It is mutiny.'

Here I stopped, conscious of having said too much. A grin of satisfaction overspread the ruffian's

face, and he turned to his companion:

'There, Bill, you hear what he says: you'd best have taken my advice. Dead men tell no tales.'

With this they left me in darkness. I lay there till morning, with the hard cords chafing my wrists and ankles, unable even to turn over—for they had lashed my arms to the stanchions—and trying to frame for myself some explanation of the scene I had just gone through. I could hear Marling groaning in his cabin, and occasionally speaking as if to a second person, from which I inferred that he was guarded. Gus Maltre and Burries I had not seen or heard; and I supposed that they too must be secured—I felt certain that Burries was not one of the mutineers.

At length a pale ray of light showed me that morning was come. Soon after I heard them changing the watch on deck, and I could distinguish that a discussion was being held among them as to plans. They did not seem all to agree together. I heard Dick speaking—

'So you're frightened now, are you? You talked big enough about taking the ship back to England; and now, when I've done all the dirty work, you turn out a set of cowards, damn you!'

Then I heard another voice—

'We ain't no more frightened than what you are; but what are we to do when we get to England? It'll be all found out. If the governor was to die, we should swing for it, we should.'

'I tell you what mate: we won't go to England.'

Then followed some conversation in too low a tone for me to catch, but which appeared to satisfy them; a voice, however, began—

'But we are so short-handed: four of us ain't enough to work the ship.'

'We'll have that fine gentleman out of the after-cabin, and make him work double tides. We owe him one for damaging our mate.'

This was agreed to at once; and shortly afterwards Dick himself came and unbound me.

'Now, you sir! we mean to make

a sailor of you, and you may thank your stars for it. Only mind, if you attempt any tricks, overboard you go. Now then, move along, will you!'

I made no answer, but walked before him up the companion-ladder.

'Now just you go up to the cross-trees, and send down the topsail.'

I glanced around. The crew were looking sullenly at me. It was useless to resist; and I went forward without a word, and began my ascent up the rigging of the main-mast. The vessel was rolling heavily in the Atlantic swell, and as I got higher, the motion got worse, until, when I reached the cross-trees, and mounted them, claspings the mast, I felt quite dizzy and ready to fall off at every lurch. My hands were bleeding in several places. I dared not look below, but I heard Dick's voice:

'Higher up! cast off the halyard and lacing.'

I looked up, and saw nothing but the tapering topmast, bending with the pressure of the topsail, and the truck against the sky. A film seemed to come over my eyes. But I felt a kind of strange pride in doing my task. I clung with arms and legs to the mast, and crept slowly upwards. It seemed to me that I was there for hours, rocking to and fro, now upright for an instant, now overhanging the sea till the horizon seemed to close in over my head. I found the end of the lacing; I found the halyard, and untied the knots: then I grasped at the sail, bellying out and flapping in the wind. Again and again it slipped from my grasp. I tore my nails to pieces with the coarse canvas, but at length I mastered it. Perilous as was my situation, I could not forbear a feeling of pride when I saw it hauled flapping down to the deck. I slipped down by the stay again, my hands bleeding, and my head still swimming in dizziness.

'Now go forward and keep a lookout; and if you move aft the foremast you'll just have a rope's-ending, mind you that.'

I went and sat on the windlass, while Dick and two of the crew

went below and ate their breakfast. They had broken open the spirit-locker, and had got a bottle of curaçoa, which they drank over their breakfast, with remarks which at any other time would have afforded me much amusement. But I was too much occupied with my own thoughts to heed them much. The situation was not a pleasant one to contemplate, and the prospect before me still less so. What their intentions were I could not imagine; but I heard much disjointed talk of rich prizes, and burning ships, and making heaps of money, which puzzled even more than it alarmed me. It was absurd to suppose that they intended to turn pirates. In the first place, there were no arms on board except two fowling-pieces, and scarcely any ammunition at all. We were steering, too, as I had noticed on coming on deck, due north—directly back to England; and altogether I was quite unable to give any intelligible meaning to the few disjointed phrases I could hear. What galled me most was the idea of being made the menial of such stupid brutes as I knew our crew to be. But Dick was evidently not only a desperate character, but a shrewd plotter. I saw with rage that, although, as compared with Marling, Burries, and Maltro, who were doubtless confined in their cabins, I was comparatively free, still, that I was powerless to do anything; for to have reached either of them, I must have gone aft the whole length of the vessel in full view of the steersman, to the companion, or else through the fore-castle, where the rest of the men were assembled.

All day long I was made to remain on deck, and to do the hardest work of the ship; and as we were beating up against a head-wind by short tacks, I was hauling aft the fore-sheet, and easing it off every five minutes. Luckily I had often done for pleasure what I was now forced to do of necessity, and I got through my duties to the satisfaction of my new masters, though not without some threats of a 'rope's-ending,' which made my blood boil. I kept my temper, however, though I

vowed in my heart that I would yet take a signal vengeance on Dick, and I nursed the hope that at night I might be able to penetrate into Marling's cabin. Alas! at night I was taken below by Dick himself, and again securely lashed into my berth; I saw then how utterly helpless I was, and positively cried with vexation; but yet, so tired was I with the unaccustomed labour I had gone through, that in half an hour I fell asleep, and never awoke till I felt myself shaken by a rude hand, and was once more made conscious of my situation by seeing the repulsive face of Dick bending closely over me.

'Now then! just turn out and read this; and look sharp and give me what's written there for the skipper.'

I read the paper, which contained these words—'Charcoal-plaster—the wounds to be hermetically closed.' I could not understand it.

'You are to get it out of the medicine-chest, for the skipper's cuts—and look smart about it.'

I looked through the chest which the ruffian had brought with him, and picked out the only plaster I could find.

I was immediately sent on deck again; but I could not get the word 'charcoal-plaster' out of my mind. What could it mean? At last it struck me that it must have been intended to convey some meaning to me alone. But what? I puzzled over it again and again. All at once it flashed upon me. I went straight to Dick, who was watching me, and for the first time spoke to him, and asked if I could have my coat.

'Now look here; I'm master here now; and if you want anything, you must touch your hat and call me "sir."'

I repressed my indignation, and flinging my hat on the skylight, repeated my request, though the 'sir' positively stuck in my throat. The wretch grinned horribly.

'That'll do—you can go and get it.' Then turning to the steersman, 'Bill, keep your eye on him; he's going for his coat.'

I went down the companion, at the foot of which, on the port side,

was the door of the sail-cabin, in which were also kept the deck-coats and a small supply of charcoal for lighting the cabin-stove. I managed to fill the pockets of my coat with charcoal, and returning on deck, walked forward again to the windlass.

I was again kept hard at work all day, while the men passed the time smoking and talking in the cabin. At six o'clock they sat down to tea in the fore-castle. Now the fore-castle was warmed by a stove, the smoke of which was carried off by a small chimney which rose just before the foremast. Like all sailors, they had a wholesome hatred of fresh air, and had drawn the hatch over the hatchway leading to the deck; it was not quite close, however, and I could see one of them through the opening. When they had finished their tea, they lit their pipes and lay about on the lockers, talking of their plans in a low tone of voice. Soon one of them went off into a doze, where he lay, and the conversation flagged and very shortly stopped altogether. Now was my opportunity. I had carefully kept over to leeward, so as to keep the sail between me and the steersman; but I now ostentatiously came over to windward as if to look out to sea; then going back again, I rapidly took off my coat and stuffed it noiselessly into the crevice of the hatchway; I had previously taken out all the charcoal, and I now dropped it, bit by bit, down the chimney, and then put on the cover which hung by a chain to the side. Breathlessly I awaited the result. My only fear was that one of them should awake before the fumes of the charcoal began to work. I heard no sound. Now for the first time I saw what I had undertaken, and thought with horror that I might not only stupify, but not improbably kill them. A cold sweat stood on my brow at the thought. I felt inclined to abandon my plan; but I remembered Dick's insolence. I thought of Marling, too, lying bound in his cabin, and I resolved to persevere. For at least ten minutes I waited, and then, withdrawing a corner of the coat, I put my head cautiously into the

opening. A bluish vapour filled the cabin. The man I had knocked down was lying in his berth with a bandage round his head; his hands were clenched, his mouth open, and his tongue protruding. The other three were lying on the lockers, as though dead, and their pipes had fallen on the floor. The door of the cabin was shut. I took all this in at one glance. Replacing the coat, I again went over to windward, in sight of the steersman. I thought with dread that I had already perhaps taken four lives. I could feel my heart beating against my breast, but I ostentatiously looked out ahead and returned leisurely to my place. Once out of his sight, I tore away the coat, pushed open the hatch, and dropped lightly into the cabin. The atmosphere was intolerable. Not one of the four men stirred, though I almost touched them. I caught up a knife, opened the door, and came to Gus Maltre's cabin. It was locked, but there was no time to lose. I put my foot against the door and my back against the opposite bulkhead, and it flew open. Gus was lying bound in his berth, and looked up in alarm. With a gesture I quieted him, and with two strokes of the knife cut the ropes that bound him. He started up, and we turned to leave the cabin, when a shadow obscured the door, and Dick stood before me. He looked stupid and dazed. I thought of my humiliation of the afternoon, and rushing at him, struck him between the eyes. He reeled, but caught my arm. We closed, but he had already lost his balance, and, bracing every nerve in my body, I threw him heavily, and, remembering with savage glee a maxim of the prize-ring, fell on him as heavily as I could. He lay motionless. All this had passed in a moment, and Gus only came to my help in time to find me kneeling on my prostrate foe. I had kept hold of the knife during the struggle; and my passions were so aroused that, rather than let him escape, I should have used it, I am certain. I now gave it to Gus. 'Quick, go and free Burries and Marling!' He disappeared, and in two minutes I had

tied Dick's hands together behind his back, with the very rope from which I had freed Gus, and exactly in the same way as I had been bound myself. The ruffian seemed stupefied, and offered but little resistance. Meantime I heard a scuffling in the fore-castle, and leaving my prisoner, I found Burries and Gus each securing his man, while the wounded sailor was looking on stupidly from his berth. My first emotion was thankfulness that all the men were alive; and leaving them, I hastened into Marling's cabin. I found him trembling with excitement.

'God bless you, my dear fellow!' said he. 'You understood, then. But you have had a fight for it: is anybody hurt?'

I soon reassured him; and after putting our prisoners, including the steersman, whom Burries had secured meantime, each into a separate cabin, we held a council. Marling laid all the blame upon Dick, giving as his reason that his Suffolk men were much too dull and heavy to have conceived such a plot, or even to have executed it, except under crafty leadership; and he attributed their acquiescence in Dick's schemes to the fact that, when once the first blow had been struck, they were too stupid to know what else to do than to support him. It seemed not improbable; and it was resolved to release the crew on their promise to return to their duty—and the rather so, that without them we had not enough hands to work the ship. So the three men were brought into the cabin; and when Marling spoke a few words to them, pointing out the serious nature of the crime of which they had been guilty, and promising to overlook it, if they would at once return to their duty, the men hung their heads sheepishly, and at once undertook everything that was required—indeed rather, as I thought, with an air of relief at being out of conspiracy again. So they were released and sent forward, Dick alone being kept bound and confined in Gus's cabin, and him Marling was determined to hand over to justice on the first opportunity.

We all sat up for the rest of the night, talking over the startling events in which we had just borne a part. In the morning, land was announced, which Marling said must be the Isle of Ushant, and he resolved, more especially as the weather looked threatening, to go into Brest and hand over Dick to the authorities there. At twelve o'clock we cast anchor opposite the town, and were boarded by the quarantine officers and the English consul, to whom we made known our situation, and the fact that we had a prisoner to deliver over to the authorities. The consul, a middle-aged man of gentlemanly appearance (who had been made a K.C.B. by the English government for his services in the business of the French Treaty of Commerce), at once sent ashore, with a note to the port admiral, for a file of gendarmes, and informed us that he had had much trouble of late with runaway sailors. 'You see that rakish vessel there, with two funnels?—that is the famous Florida. She has been here repairing for some time, and her captain has been using every means, both fair and foul, to fill up the number of his crew, which is much weakened, and I have had nothing else to do but to prosecute runaway sailors, who had been tempted by the high pay offered to desert their own ships for the Confederate cruiser. She has been ready for sea several days, but we are informed that she is awaiting the arrival of the second mate, who has been sent to Liverpool to get men. She will have to wait a long time, for the port admiral has ordered that neither the mate nor the men shall be allowed to join her when they do arrive, and every packet that arrives is searched to see if they are on board.'

The boat with the gendarmes was now seen approaching, and Dick was led on deck with his hands still tied behind him. The consul started on seeing him, drew a paper from his pocket, and glanced rapidly over it. 'Why, that's the very man!' said he. 'The mate of the Florida, for certain. See—"height about six feet and a quarter; English; a large scar on

the left side of the forehead"—no doubt of it. A very good idea of his to come in a private yacht. But you were bound for the Mediterranean, you say?"

"Well," replied Marling, "I intended at first to come into Brest for fresh provisions, but the northerly wind tempted me past."

"Yes, yes, I see. If you had come in, I have no doubt you would have lost every man of your crew, as another English yacht did last week."

One of the men now came up. "I can tell you something about it, sir. When we rounded Ushant, and he found the governor warn't agoing in, he used to talk to us about the Florida, and said we should get *rol.* a month pay, and prize-money besides. And then we didn't like going up the Mediterranean; so at last he talked, and talked, and talked us over into taking the ship back; and we was to dodge about Ushant till the Florida come out, and them as liked was to join her. But I'm a married man, and I only joined 'em when it was all done, because I didn't like to leave 'em in the lurch; but I'm glad it's all over, I am."

Dick had not opened his mouth; but his eye had wandered again and again to the Florida, as though measuring the distance between us. He now advanced to the gangway, and, his hands being tied, the gendarmes stood up to assist him into the boat. He stepped on to the first step of the ladder, then stopped; the gendarmes came close together under him, taking his arms; when suddenly he threw himself straight out, head-foremost, and in an instant disappeared into the sea, carrying

the gendarmes with him, and capsizing the boat. All three disappeared, while the boatman held on by the painter and scrambled up the side of the vessel. Then followed a scene of confusion. The tide was running three knots an hour; and the gendarmes reappeared almost immediately twenty yards astern. Two men now instantly jumped into our own boat, rowed towards them, and pulled them into the boat, more dead than alive. Then these pulled about, looking for Dick. He was nowhere to be seen; his hat alone, floating far down the stream, told the tale. We watched it in silence. It passed close to the Florida, and, strangely enough, was picked up (as I saw through my glass) by one of her crew with a boathook. For some time the men continued the search for Dick; but we all felt that it was useless; for there was little hope even for the strongest swimmer with his hands tied behind him in such a current as that. The consul went ashore to make a statement of the facts, and took with him the gendarmes, who looked very rueful, with their long boots full of water and their clothes wet through.

The Florida left the port that afternoon. The consul came on board the next morning, with a letter addressed to Marling, which he said had been brought back by her pilot. It was without signature, and ran thus: "Dick has arrived quite safe, and thanks Mr. Maltre for his knife, the gendarmes for his liberty, and the tide for his hat." Gus Maltre, like an idiot, had left his knife in his cabin.

T. G. B.



LEGISLATORS GOING TO DINNER.

IT is, let us say, a Budget night; or it may be a night for deciding whether Jack the bricklayer and Joe the carpenter shall have the elective franchise; or whether the ancient borough of Mudford shall continue to send members to Parliament. At any rate, let it be a pretty full night in the House of Commons. Mr. Speaker takes the chair, and the reverend chaplain reads prayers about four o'clock. Then, for about an hour or so, business of a formal nature is proceeded with, petitions presented, notices given, &c., which the actual public neither know nor care much about. Next, when tradesmen's families are about going to tea, and City men are going home to dinner, up jumps Mr. Gladstone, and rivets the attention of members present by a speech which all acknowledge to be worth hearing, whether they agree with its sentiments or not. That speech, of two or three hours' length, and others in support of or antagonistic to it, keep poor Mr. Speaker in the chair, with few intervals, until midnight, or possibly two or three hours later. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that our heroic legislators sacrifice themselves in the same way or to the same degree for the benefit of the nation; they do not remain all the evening, listening and talking by turns. None of them, or few of them, are present *ex necessitate*; so long as forty are present, there is a 'House' competent for the transaction of business. It seems to be generally understood that unless a crack speech, begun at five or six o'clock, lasts four or five hours, there shall be a period given up to dummies, drones, bores, hacks, honourable members whom no one wishes to hear, but who are glad to see their own names in the newspapers next day. It is known that some of the tip-top men mean to speak by-and-by, and arrangements are made to prevent a count-out until that happy time arrives. Under such circumstances it is that the House is often

very empty from about half-past seven till half-past nine. The innocent public who noticed that more than six hundred members were in the House at midnight on the famous 18th of June last, and that the House had begun to sit at four o'clock, may have supposed that the legislators were pinned to their benches all the time. Happy ignorance! There were, very likely, at eight o'clock, barely enough present to make up the necessary quorum of forty. Whither, then, do these honourable members betake themselves at the dull intervals? Some go home to Belgravia or Mayfair, dine alone or with their families, and return to the House when nature has been reinvigorated. Some wend their way to their clubs in Pall Mall or St. James's Street, where political gossip and delicate viands can be indulged in simultaneously, and speculations made touching the result of the forthcoming division. A Hansom cab will bring any one of these senatorial gentlemen back to the House in good time. But there are many members who, experiencing the usual sharpening of appetite as eight o'clock approaches, do nevertheless feel disinclined to depart from the precincts of the House. If they could obtain what is needed for their present wants without the expenditure of much time, thought, trouble, or money, so much the better—especially if their wants are really simple and easily satisfied.

Now this is the clue to the Kitchen and Refreshment Rooms of the House of Commons, departments which figure somewhat mysteriously in the Blue Books, but yet not exactly in a legislative sort of way. We sometimes read of a committee to manage this matter, without gaining a very clear insight as to the nature of the duties consigned to the committee's keeping. It appears that, in those remote days when four o'clock was first appointed as the meeting hour of the House of

Commons, honourable members were accustomed to dine at two or three, and then they could digest their politics and their dinners at the same time. When, however, in process of time, the prandial hour was postponed to four or five, six or seven, eight or nine o'clock (perhaps it will be midnight with the next generation!), some other arrangement became necessary; and then the curious medley of plans originated which has existed ever since. One Mr. Bellamy was permitted to open a refreshment room under the roof of St. Stephen's, and to sell, not complete dinners, but plainer viands. He charged half-a-crown for cold meat and salad, three-and-sixpence for hot steaks or chops (cooked in the room); but he had seldom more than twelve diners a day. After the Reform Bill of 1832, Bellamy's became more frequented; and when the old buildings were burned down, the late Sir Charles Barry included among the rooms of his magnificent but inconvenient new structure a kitchen, a dining-room, and a tea-room, with the necessary adjuncts of cellars, sculleries, pantries, and the like. Then, too, new arrangements were made concerning the lessee, manager, steward, host, or keeper of this department—call him which we may, according as he is to be regarded as a master tradesman or a servant. A curious compromise was made. All the necessary fittings were supplied to him by the House, even to a duster or a knife-cloth; he supplied the eatables and drinkables; his charges were placed under legislation; and the House provided him with a certain annual sum to assist in paying the wages of servants and waiters. His profits on the consumable articles were supposed to be sufficient to defray all the necessary costs.

While these arrangements were gradually assuming form and system, a terrible outburst of legislative indignation took place. The Serjeant-at-Arms and the Lord Great Chamberlain almost came to blows about a ginger-beer and orange stall! Mr. Roebuck rose one evening in the House of Commons, and asked the

chairman of the Kitchen and Refreshment Room Committee why a person who had been permitted to sell refreshments in the central hall had been suddenly denied that privilege. Then the facts came out. It appears that the Lord Great Chamberlain's secretary wrote to the stall-keeper, one Mr. Lucas, and informed him that a stall could no longer be permitted in so sacred a place. Whereupon the stall-keeper applied to the Serjeant-at-Arms, representative of the majesty of the House; and then ensued an official correspondence between Lord Wilmoughby d'Eresby as Lord Great Chamberlain, and Lord Charles Russell as Serjeant-at-Arms, each courteous to the other, but each firm. The committee urged upon the House the necessity of maintaining its privileges; and Mr. Roebuck asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether the House was to 'put up with the determination of that important personage the Lord Great Chamberlain?' 'Are we,' he added, 'after having determined that certain refreshments should be sold in that hall, upon the command and upon the most impertinent interference of that functionary, to be prevented from having what I believe we have a perfect right to have—our own refreshments in our own house?' Ay, there's the rub; is it their own house, belonging to the representatives of the people; or is it part of the Palace of Westminster, belonging to the state trappings of the Crown? The ministers not deeming it prudent that a collision should arise on so trifling a matter, induced the court functionary to yield.

This little episode over, we return to the more important Kitchen and Refreshment Room. A standing committee was appointed in 1848, to superintend this gastronomic subject; and then it was that soup and fish were permitted to be introduced among the good things obtainable at Bellamy's. The great Bellamy was in due time gathered to his fathers, and was succeeded by another; but his successor did not give satisfaction. Then Gunter was asked, and

Staples, and other notables in the restaurant line; but somehow or other they 'didn't seem to see it.' Eventually the steward of one of the West End clubs was appointed in an office curiously compounded of master and servant. The committee from time to time recommended changes in the rooms, to increase the comfort of honourable legislators. As years went on, the members complained that they were not well served; while the manager complained that he was not sufficiently paid. The House provided plate, linen, glass, china, gas, candles, coals, and kitchen utensils; and, out of a Fee Fund belonging to the House, the manager was paid 300*l.* a year to aid in maintaining his staff of subordinates. The rooms were found to be too small to dine the members who applied. The committee, in 1863, consulted the Board of Works, and the Board consulted Mr. E. M. Barry. Then Mr. Cubitt, one of the members of the committee, assisted Mr. Barry in concocting a scheme. To lengthen the kitchen eight feet, and the dining-room eight feet, they got up an estimate of four thousand pounds, good and lawful money. The question arose, whether our national cashier would like to ask the House of Commons for such a sum for such a purpose. The difficulties of the manager were undoubtedly considerable, owing to the uncertainty in the number of members who would honour him with their company to dinner each day. In a letter to the committee, he said:—'The dining-room of the House cannot be compared with any other establishment in the metropolis. I allude more particularly to the clubs, on which model I had the honour of first introducing the manner of serving dinners in the dining-room of the House. It has always been the wish of the committee, constantly expressed to members, that, for their own comfort and the better regulation of the dining-room, they should order their dinner a short time before being required; but this has been found impracticable, as members themselves cannot tell when they may have the opportunity of

dining. In consequence of this uncertainty, and at the end of an important speech or debate, every member who wishes to dine proceeds immediately to the dining-room; and hence arises great confusion. I consider that no reasonable number of servants will be able to supply the immediate wants of members on such occasions. But even these are only occasional instances; and it has frequently happened that treble the number of a small day's business have dined with much greater facility and comfort when members have come in at regular intervals, than when the smaller number have come in unexpectedly and all at the same moment. It is the numbers at once that make the confusion; no notice, no intimation, but everything is expected to be ready, then and there, even though nothing has been doing for an hour. During the ten years I have held my appointment, I have never once been short of supply; and many members, during last session, were witnesses to my plentiful supply in preparing for a hundred and fifty or more, and only ten or twelve dining.'

Now think what a torment this must be to a purveyor and his cook! Suppose a lady to give a dinner-party. The cook is told how many are to be the guests, and what are to be the good things provided. But here, at the House of Commons, no one knows beforehand how many will dine; nor is it known, except in a few cases, which of the diners will choose hot or cold, soup or fish, poultry or game, joint or entrées, sweets or salads. Is not this almost more than flesh and blood (of cook) can bear? On one day, during a great debate on national expenditure, a hundred and forty members dined at the House; on a Maynooth debate evening, a hundred and nine; whereas on a third evening, when another great debate was expected, the House rose early, through a count-out, and the purveyor had only twenty-six to partake of his abundantly-supplied viands. On other days, when good assemblages were confidently reck-

oned on, the exigencies of debate sent down only twenty, or even sixteen, to dinner. The average diners three years ago was about sixty per day on four days in the week, Wednesday and Saturday being *non dies*, so far as concerns dining at the House.

A very amusing discussion took place in the Commons in 1863, between those who approved and those who condemned the proposed expenditure of four thousand pounds for enlarging this legislative restaurant. We may as well, perhaps, veil the real names of the speakers. Mr. A— asked the Chairman of the Committee what he was going to do in the matter; the Chairman asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer what he was going to do; and the Chancellor replied that he could not afford the money. On another evening the Chairman moved a formal resolution sanctioning the proposed expenditure for the proposed purpose. Mr. B— opposed it, because the additional buildings would encroach on one of the courtyards. Mr. C— thought that what was wanted was better dinners, not more room. Mr. D— feared an attempt was being made to render the feasting *too good*; if the dinners were simpler, they would be better served. Col. E— (honourable and gallant) declared it to be a shame that they should herd together and eat together like pigs; they ought to have a good and proper dining-room. Mr. F— declared that he would willingly dine there often, if he could only get something fit to eat. Sir G— and Mr. H— thought that the purveyor was deserving of aid and compassion in his perplexities. Mr. I— threatened honourable members that if they did not pass the resolution they would get no dinner at all. Viscount J— said that whereas formerly members only went to Belamy's to get a chop, now so many dined there that it had become the greatest dining-club in London. Lord K— expressed a belief that no possible plan could render it a comfortable dining-room, owing to the uncertainty so often adverted to; and that it would be better to give

up the idea of making a club of the House of Commons. Mr. L— stated that if the purveyor had an extra two hundred a year he would hire more waiters, and do his best in the present room. Sir M— was sarcastically severe on honourable members—'Do you want your *washing* done also at the public expense?' They ought, he urged, to make a bun or a biscuit suffice, else it would be the first step towards the system of paying members. Mr. N— (a great brewer) suggested that as they were all lazy between seven and nine o'clock, it would be better to dine there than to go elsewhere. An old member, Mr. O—, remembered that the speeches in those two critical hours were better in Belamy's time than now, when 'there is a bill of fare in which something like a French dinner is attempted.' If the dinners were very good, the House would be emptier than ever. Sir P— said that the fault is in the sculleries, which are not well fitted up. Mr. Q— thought that if the meat was better, everything would be better. The Chief Commissioner of Works doubted the prudence of patching up any additional buildings, and proposed simply a re-arrangement of tables. And so, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Gladstone—it is alleged by those who watch him on a busy evening—takes very little sips out of a very little phial, and is popularly supposed never to eat at all) would not give any money out of the public purse, the whole discussion dropped; and the dining-room is at the present day just as large (or as small) as it was then.

About that period Mr. X—, the manager, resigned, because the stipend was too small; Mr. Y— was appointed; he resigned, and Mr. Z— was appointed; and it became a problem which of the three unknown quantities, X—, Y—, Z—, would turn up valuable in the end. The Committee determined that henceforth the manager should not supply the wine; and as the profit on this wine had been one of the chief matters looked forward to by the manager, that functionary was sorely

disappointed. As a partial compensation he was appointed wine butler, with a small allowance per bottle under the name of 'corkage,' varying according to the quality and price of the wine. When the manager wanted any odds and ends for the kitchen or dining-room, he asked the Committee, and the Committee asked the Serjeant-at-Arms, and the Serjeant-at-Arms asked the Board of Works; and then the honourable board sent dishes, covers, table-cloths, wine-coolers, glass, china, salt spoons, a mangle, rubbers, dusters, ironmongery, a Chubb's lock for the wine-cellar, matting, carpeting, a washing-machine, linen-presses, a dripping-pan, a meat-stand, soap boxes, towel-rollers, a knife-cleaning machine, brushes, brooms, pots, and pans. They were not at all proud, the House of Commons and the Board of Works and Public Buildings;—they did not deem Molly the scullery-maid beneath their notice.

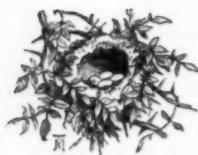
The reader may perhaps like to know what are the prices paid by our right honourable, honourable and gallant, honourable and learned, and simply honourable members, for the comestibles and beverages which are to afford sustentation to exhausted energies. Are the prices higher or lower than those paid by club people and other people? The Committee reformed the tariff in 1864, and it does not seem to have undergone any considerable change since. Is soup wanted? There are four or five kinds at one shilling each, or eightpence the 'half portion.' If a plain man requires a plain mutton-chop, he pays ninepence, or eightpence for a rump-steak. Should a grilled bone of beef or mutton prove to be tempting, eightpence is charged for it; and the same for the leg of a fowl or a slice of game pie. Let plain John Bull want a plain joint of roast beef, he pays the like sum of eightpence; and a similar charge is made for grilled ham and eggs—probably what working people call eggs and bacon. Cold meat and potatoes may be indulged in for one shilling. Oysters were set down, two years ago, at sixpence the half-dozen; but

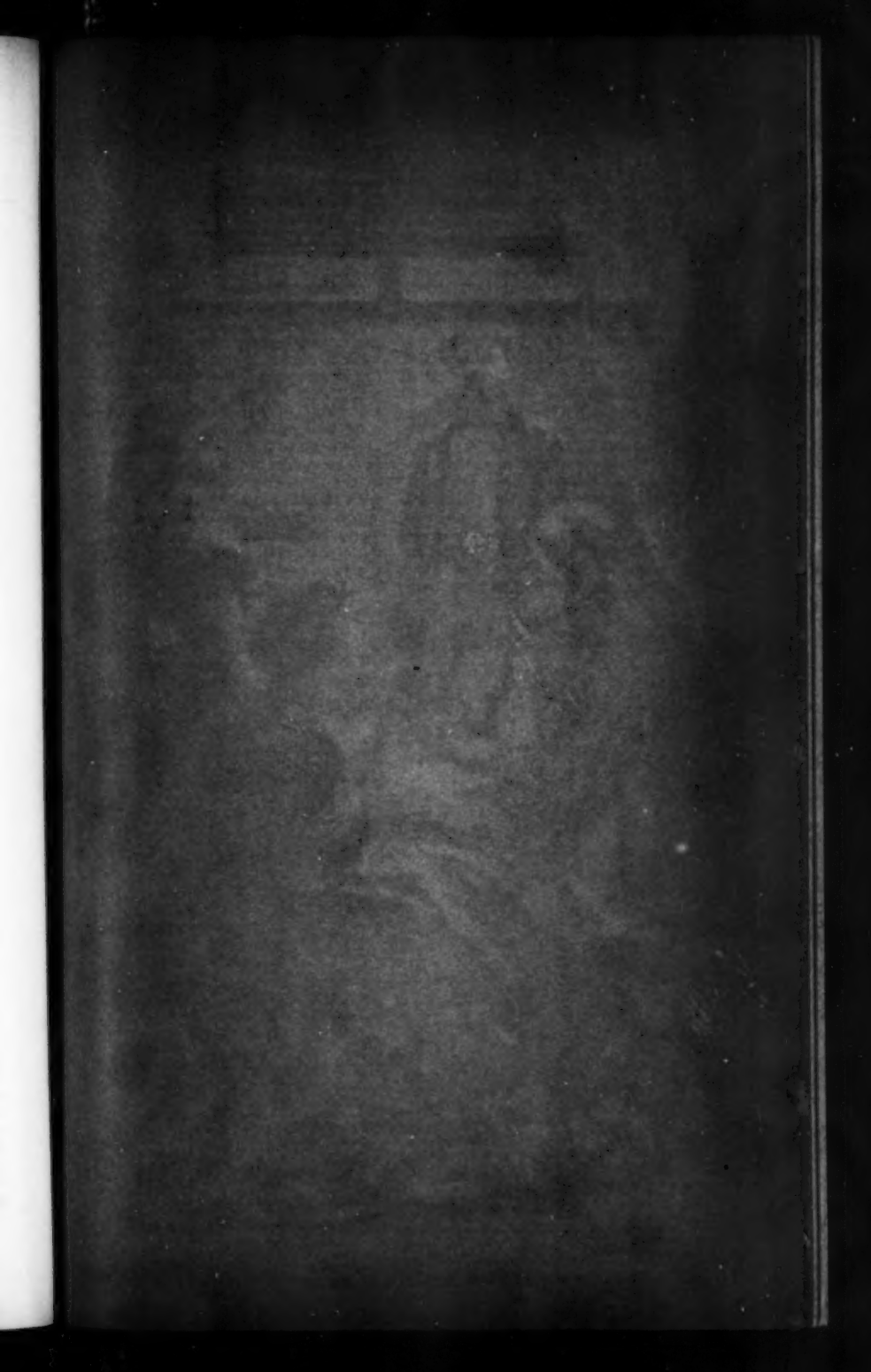
'prime natives' are high in the market just now, and probably legislative Dandies have to pay in fair proportion. A single glass of beer or ale is threepence; bread and cheese sixpence; fish, entrées, patés, &c., are left to be charged according to circumstances, perhaps on the ground that if legislators *will* make a set dinner under the legislative roof, they ought to pay liberally. In the tea-room (the above-named articles being served in the dining-room) a large cup of tea or coffee may be had for sixpence, and one of smaller dimensions for fourpence; but if the luxury of cream be added, fifty per cent. of extra charge is made. If what ladies call 'a tea' is served—that is, a teapot or coffee-pot well filled, with all the appurtenances of milk and sugar, bread and butter or toast—the charge is one shilling; really a very moderate cost, only a little ahead of the conventional 'tea and shrimps' charge at Gravesend to Sunday and Monday excursionists. Of course eggs or ham or a rasher with the tea are regarded as a luxury to be paid for in addition. The item 'table' is charged sixpence before four o'clock, one shilling afterwards, under the rational theory that a gentleman at luncheon gives less trouble than a gentleman at dinner. An honourable member, a short time ago, raised a mutiny against a charge of fifteenpence for one mutton-chop and 'table;' whereupon a command was issued from headquarters that one shilling should be deemed sufficient payment for this amount of luxury. Lord Robert Montague drew up a paper, and presented it to the Committee, containing a synopsis of the charges made at ten of the principal West End clubs, with a view of furnishing a standard for the House of Commons refreshment rooms. Taking them one with another, the present legislative comestibles seem to conform pretty nearly to an average tariff. An Athenæum dinner of soup, fish, and entrées, is set down at three shillings; a Conservative dinner of the same kind at four shillings; while a more com-

plete dinner at the Reform and the Conservative figures at seven to ten shillings. Other items vary; but the House of Commons takes a sort of middle position.

The latest emanation of wisdom from the Refreshment Committee, of the month of May in the present year, tells the world that the dining-rooms are still badly ventilated, inconvenient, and too small for the requirements of the House; that the kitchen and its adjuncts are also too small; that the new rooms really ought to be built according to the plans proposed by Mr. Barry three years ago; that more than one hundred members had signed a paper expressive of their opinions to this effect; that the average diners per day this session have been thirty more than the tables can accommodate at one time; that on one particular day no fewer than

two hundred and thirty-nine dined there; and that, as most of them wish to dine nearly at one time, the confusion and discomfort at such times are excessive. Among the proceedings of the Committee we further find that some of the sherry and 'la rose' and 'cos d'Estournel' did not meet with legislative approbation; that the wine merchants were requested to supply better at the same price; that a drunken man, sent by one of the wine-merchants to remove and change some wine, stole a rope and pulley 'belonging to the House;' and that, in consequence of the great increase in the number of diners, the Serjeant-at-Arms was requested to apply to the Office of Works for 'forty dozen table napkins, twelve dozen glass cloths, and twelve dozen coarse cloths.'







Drawn by Edith Dunn.]

EVENINGS ON THE BALCONY.

[See page 267.]

LONDON SOCIETY.

SEPTEMBER 1890.

THE BURGLARY AT FARMER BROWN'S.



WELL, Biggs, what is the matter? You look important this morning."

Biggs swelled in majestic silence, deposited the muffle-dust on the table with as near an assumption of majesty as he dared, and sat in the act of retreating, when the woman, half standing, half sitting, and with windows looked up at him, and gave him a look—

"Aunt Dora, how beautiful! becoming quite striking! You are travelling in our direction, are you? there was one at Greenham."

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